

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



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# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
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THE ARTS

## ART AND INDUSTRY

THE Ministry of Reconstruction has lately issued a pamphlet upon "Industry and Art." There is nothing particularly new in the pamphlet; and, indeed, the subject is not one which lends itself to any particular novelty of treatment. The truth is that there is precious little connection between art and industry nowadays, and that what little connection there is, instead of being strengthened, is likely to be diminished. The reformers—to whom we wish all success—are mainly engaged in preaching to the converted. We do not know that any one of them has really addressed himself to the problem of supplying cheap, good articles of everyday use at a price which can compare with that of the cheap and nasty ones. We recently looked inside the model converted hut on the Horse Guards Parade. It is a very nice hut. With that hut and an acre of ground, for many people many of the most insistent problems of existence would be solved. But as a contribution to the artistic regeneration of the poorer classes, the hut is a delusion and a snare. It is charmingly furnished. It is quite likely that a good many of the railwaymen who have lately had time on their hands have admired

the excellent simplicity of the appointments of this workmen's dwelling, and have thought that life might be a very much more tolerable thing if it belonged to them. Then they may have looked at the little printed bill which explains how good this cheap furniture is, and how such a sympathetic environment can be provided at the cost of — £350 for the furniture alone. It is a bad joke, an exceedingly bad joke. We do not suppose that the authorities who converted the hut, or the designers who designed the furniture, knew that they were making a bad joke. Doubtless, they were persuaded that they were helping to reconcile industry, art, and the working classes. Probably, like most good citizens, they were angry at the railway strike; probably, like ourselves, they are in despair at the utter indifference of the working

## CONTENTS

ART AND INDUSTRY	993
SHOULD JOURNALISTS BE EDUCATED? By R. A. Scott-James	994
POETRY:	
October: Autumn Fires	1001
REVIEWS:	
A Ghost of the Nineties	996
A Famous Queen	997
Procopius and Others, by J. T. Sheppard	998
Is there a Theory of the State?	998
Lord Grey's Foreign Policy	999
The Egypt Exploration Fund	1000
A Modern Chrysostom	1001
Portraits and Passions	1002
LETTERS FROM AMERICA: I. Philosophy for the Flute, by Conrad Aiken	1003
THE LIBRARY ARTS, by Dr. Ernest A. Baker	1004
LITERARY NOTES	1005
NINETY YEARS AGO	1005
SCIENCE:	
The Inert Gases	1006
Forthcoming Meetings	1007
The Philosophical Club of the Royal Society	1007
FINE ARTS:	
Greek Vase-Painting	1008
Exhibitions of the Week	1009
MUSIC:	
A Musician's Bed-Book, by Edward J. Dent	1010
Concerts	1010
New Music	1010
DRAMA:	
Tolstoy at the St. James's	1011
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Laforgue's "Hamlet"—A Translation of Rufinus—Death-Masks, etc.—The New Type of Studio—Slang in War-Time	1012
FOREIGN LITERATURE:	
Letters from Italy: IV. The Latest	
D'Annunzio, by Guido de Ruggiero	1013
Humanist, Artist, and Scientist	1014
La Jeune Fille aux Jours Roses	1015
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	1016-1019

classes to a well-made article. They are, in short, excellent, well-meaning people. It seems ruthless to recommend them to study the eloquent figures now broadcast on the hoardings, and to calculate how long it would take a railwayman earning 49s. a week to acquire the trimmings of a model hut. Fifty years? or a hundred?

No, no! If we are to talk of industry and art and the working classes let there be no more benevolent humbug. The working classes do not want art, because they cannot afford it, and because they have learned by long experience that it is no use wanting things you cannot afford. If it be said that a decent-looking chair can be provided at the same price as the hideous things that glare with a green plush eye out of the hire-purchase window, let someone come forward and prove it. Let there be an exhibition not of a model hut-full of furniture at £350, but of two-rooms-and-a-kitchen-full at £50, or better still at £25. When we have seen these things with our eyes we will murmur a "Nunc Dimittis" that will come from the heart.

And all this has been a long parenthesis, for our intention was to discuss not the general problem of the lack of relation between art and industry, but the pamphlet upon

the subject which the Ministry of Reconstruction has issued. It is a curious document, and one unlikely to compose the minds of those who anticipate little good from any intimate association between the State and art. For most of the virtues, like charity, should begin at home, and a man who has achieved no reconciliation between his own art and his industry is not likely to be the most successful prophet of the reconciliation among his countrymen. The author of "Art and Industry" has a style so shoddy that it is impossible to believe that he knows a good chair when he sees one. It is all very well to speak, as he does, of the folly of "destroying good raw material"; but what kind of crime against the good raw material of the English language is such a sentence as this?

"Now that hostilities are over, production will gain

an enormous impetus, not only because of the need to make good dilapidation and destruction caused by the war and to get back to the normal by overtaking vast arrears of constructive work, but also because the international economic position forces British industries to make a great bid for the leading position in the world-market. We are placed in a better position than ever before to do this. . . ."

Leave aside the weak-kneed argument that cannot distinguish between what is desirable and what is necessary and inevitable, and consider the mind which is so threadbare that, after accumulating commercial cliché upon commercial cliché, it is compelled to use the ugly and empty word "position" three times in as many lines. Has the author never heard of the conception of economy in art, the suppression of empty redundancy and the perfect adaptation of means to end? Would he approve of a chair-maker who employed the same piece of wood indifferently as a chair-leg, a back-stay and a stretcher? Someone could sit upon a chair thus made, we have no doubt, just as we can make out what he means by his appalling sentence. Perhaps that is enough for him. It ought not to be. He ought to know that people who read such a sentence are instinctively persuaded that the man who can write it is not the man to preach the necessity of art in daily life.

We think we can discern the root of the trouble in another of his hard sayings: "Workmanship may be sound and design correct, but both may be very dull unless vitalized by art." We ask ourselves in vain how this can be. Good workmanship and good design—surely that is art. But what this other "art" may be which comes in to "vitalize" the dullness of the well-made, well-designed article we have no idea. Or at least we begin to have a glimmering from our author's style. We suspect that he too decided to "vitalize" what he had to say. The process consists in embedding his thought in vague or woolly superfluities of expression, so that the expert is irritated and the man in the street cannot understand.

We are sick of this high-falutin' on the subject of industrial art; doubly sick because we find that the prices are generally as high-falutin' as the talk. We too want to see art and industry working together, and sometimes we feel that our own desire is a good deal stronger than that of others who talk about it far more than we. But the problem is one of practical economics. Half the people of England—and probably three-quarters—have no choice but to buy the cheapest article that is offered them. Perhaps even if they could obtain a decent thing at the same price as the nasty, gaudy one, they would still choose the latter. We do not know. What we do know is that at least twenty million people in England, if they are faced with a choice between an ugly article of necessity at 8s. 11d. and a beautiful one at 9s. 11d., are compelled to choose ugliness because it is a shilling cheaper. To make beauty as cheap as ugliness—that is the problem; and those who tackle it, and desire to come before the public with their conclusions, should do so in a language which does not make their professions ridiculous.

## SHOULD JOURNALISTS BE EDUCATED?

UNIVERSITY Courses for Journalism, a Diploma for Journalism, London University to father the scheme, and many newspaper proprietors, editors, and other members of the Institute of Journalists to give it their blessing—such is to be the send-off of the new venture in education beginning this month. The Board of Education and the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour have been taken into counsel, and demobilized officers and men and released war-workers are the promising raw material. A distinguished academic and journalistic Committee has been set up, and Sir Sidney Lee has accepted the chairmanship. Courses of instruction have been mapped out, designed to "promote the efficiency of those intending to pursue the profession of Journalism by offering them a comprehensive and co-ordinated curriculum of modern or current knowledge together with instruction and practice in writing for the Press."

Needless to say, such a scheme as this will not come into being without encountering much criticism and opposition. Journalism is a heterogeneous calling. Within the wide meshes of its net are included professors of literature, distinguished novelists and men of science, and youths who only the other day were office-boys. It is in part an art, and in a greater part a trade. As a trade of working journalists, it is protected by a Union which guards jealously the rights and privileges of its junior members. This Union has rules of its own based upon traditional and approved practices; it has a code, and a certain amount of *esprit de corps*. Certainly no educational scheme which challenged the serious antagonism of the National Union of Journalists would have a very big chance of success.

And there are certain prejudices—perhaps I ought to say convictions—which may appear to stand menacingly in the way. Journalism, it is said—and not without reason—can only be taught by journalism. That is the view that has prevailed amongst working journalists almost as long as Fleet Street has been Fleet Street. The class-room is no place for teaching a youth to report an earthquake. The instinct for news, the sense for what will absorb public attention here and now, and now only, is hardly to be acquired in the spacious and leisurely atmosphere of Academies. The prevalent view is that if a man is not born a journalist he will never become a journalist; and if he is so gifted by the gods, then he will only pick up the necessary tricks of the trade in the rough-and-tumble of his calling; his writings must be castigated in an office; his ardour must be incited by news-editors and quelled by sub-editors. He must forget all that he has formerly learned, and pass through the mill before he can hope to emerge.

Now I take it that the so-called working journalist is the type whom the promoters of the new educational scheme have set before themselves. The so-called higher branches of journalism can generally look after themselves from the educational, if not the commercial point of view. In modern days these higher ranks are somewhat diminished, but in so far as they still exist,

they are recruited from men of University standing, or from the exceptional men who have forced their way through all the stages of the profession. It is, therefore, the reporter, the interviewer, the sub-editor, the Lobby-man, the paragraph-writer and the like who, constituting the normal bulk of the profession, must be kept specially in view, and only to a lesser extent the embryonic editor, leader-writer, special correspondent, or critic.

The first point which ought to be conceded is one that is laid down by the journalists themselves—that by no process of instruction alone can you turn out a ready-made journalist. Mere technical instruction, therefore, is not what is required, nor is it within the proper province of a University to provide it. Students would be simply misled if they undertook a two years' University course in journalism, and thought that by so doing they would be guaranteed a job at the end. No such claim ought to be made, and if it were made it could not be maintained. It should, then, be made perfectly clear that the University does not profess to turn out the complete journalist; that its object is educational; that what it proposes to give to the student is a certain mental training, a background of knowledge and a habit of thinking upon those broad subjects which will present themselves to him again and again throughout the whole of his subsequent career. If it cannot make a journalist, it can train a habit of mind by virtue of which the journalist is intelligent and efficient.

This evidently is what Sir Sidney Lee and his colleagues have in mind. Their aim seems to be the general education of a youth who has a special vocation. The compulsory courses are English Composition, and two out of the three following subjects:—History and Development of Science, History of Political Ideas, and Principles of Criticism of Literature or Art. There is also a series of subjects, three of which must be chosen: English Literature, History, Modern Languages, Political Science, Economics, Biological Science, Physics, Chemical Science, Philosophy and Psychology. All of these are branches of knowledge, a firm grasp of which would make all the difference between the shoddy retailer of news and an informed instructor of the public.

Whether it is practicable to put the average journalist through such a course of study is one question; whether it is desirable is another, hardly admitting of dispute. On the practical side it may be urged that the average journalist starts his career at sixteen. Against that it may be urged that the whole modern tendency, happily, is to lengthen the educational period, and to encourage facilities for higher mental equipment; and in the second place, that it would be invaluable to young working journalists, already in jobs, to be given opportunities for attending courses.

It is, I think, the practical difficulty which the working journalist is most likely to urge. Otherwise he, like everyone else, will express a pious interest in the value of education, and will not oppose a training which will widen the journalist's opportunities and enhance the status of his profession. From the public point of view it may be of incalculable importance. There is a word I should like to say about newspaper

proprietors; but I will whisper it, for their blessing is essential to this scheme, and it would never do to offend them. It is very much to the interest of these gentlemen that journalism should be standardized and conventionalized—conventionalized, I mean, in a journalistic, not a moral sense. They have large capital invested in their business; it is their object to sell great batches of papers every day, and day after day, to the great consuming public. It is for them as business men, to satisfy a certain taste. What if that taste should too rapidly change? What if the intricate journalistic mechanism which they have built up should be exposed to the risk of re-adapting itself, with every possibility of error, to the variations of public taste? Clearly, when once they have approximately gauged this taste—with sufficient accuracy, that is, for the purpose of selling their papers—they will wish that that taste should remain as it is; and they, having the means of influencing the public, assisting actively in the formation of taste, being able to create habits of reading, use every means in their power to stereotype the demand and the supply.

The instruments are the journalists. And their brains are the mechanism. From the business point of view they should have infinite adaptability in ringing the changes upon news and opinion; but infinite sameness in method. Originality is asked for, but originality according to pattern. "Liveness" is essential, but "liveness" according to a code. Journalists inevitably develop conventions, rules, prescriptions of their own which tend to become more and more rigid, based upon a presupposition of "what the public wants." To a large extent the public does want it, but only because it has been taught to, because regular readers also are slaves of habit. The whole mental tone of the newspaper-reading public (that is to say, the British public) is vitally—should I say mortally?—affected by the fact that newspapers have to be sold in bulk, in standardized lots, which must be maintained according to standard for the convenience and continuity of manufacture.

Now that is a very unhealthy state of affairs for a supposedly free-thinking nation. Better that it should be exposed to the envenomed darts of pamphleteers such as "the bloodhound of the Press," the infamous Roger Lestrangle, sought in vain to suppress. Would the higher education of journalists militate against this conventionalism, and tend to create higher standards in the selection, presentation, and criticism of news? Or would it merely mean a larger number of philosophers corrupted. Or philosophers out of work?

I do not think these doleful reflections will trouble either the journalist or the anxious proprietor. The latter realizes that there is a certain broad, steady flow in the public mind, and one of the forces conditioning that flow is the inclination towards "higher education." The journalist certainly must keep pace with the times, and these courses in Composition and History and Biology will enable him, surely, the more faithfully to adjust the new supply to the new demand. Our conscience, therefore, is clear if we say to our indispensable proprietor: It is to your interest, too, to back this deserving scheme.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.



## REVIEWS

## A GHOST OF THE NINETIES

POEMS AND PROSE OF ERNEST DOWSON. With an Introduction by Arthur Symons. (New York, Boni & Liveright, 70 cents, n.)

THERE used to be, and perhaps there still is, a kind of tea, of which the advertisements affirmed "that it recalled the delicious blends of forty years ago." This little volume from "The Modern Library of the World's Best Books" recalls blends of slightly more recent concoction, but no less delicious—the literary alcohol and haschich (for we will not insult the nineties by likening their productions to tea) of only thirty years gone by. We feel as we pass through the "exquisite limp croftleather" portals of our volume—even the publishers' style seems to be tinged with the rich exotic quality of the period—we feel like the hero of Dowson's own "Diary of a Successful Man," who, revisiting the city where "it is always autumn," Bruges, "strolled into Saint Sauveur's, wandered a while through its dim, dusky aisles, and then sat down near the high altar, where the air was heaviest with stale incense, and indulged in retrospect." On every page we breathe that ghost of once keen incense, and our indulgence in retrospect almost brings the tears to our eyes when we read such lines as:

O red pomegranate of thy perfect mouth!  
My lips' life-fruitage, might I taste and die  
Here in thy garden, where the scented south  
Wind chastens agony;  
Reap death from thy live lips in one long kiss,  
And look my last into thine eyes and rest:  
What sweets had life to me sweeter than this  
Swift dying on thy breast?  
Or, if that may not be, for Love's sake, Dear!  
Keep silence still, and dream that we shall lie,  
Red mouth to mouth, entwined, and always hear  
The south wind's melody.

Stale incense and retrospect, we respire them even in Mr. Symons's charming introduction: "Even before that time I have a vague impression of having met him, I forget where, certainly at night; and of having been struck, even then, by a look and manner of pathetic charm, a sort of Keats-like face, the face of a demoralized Keats, and by something curious in the contrast of a manner exquisitely refined, with an appearance generally somewhat dilapidated. . . . I liked to see him occasionally, for a change, drinking nothing stronger than coffee or tea. At Oxford, I believe, his favourite form of intoxication had been haschich; afterwards he gave up this somewhat elaborate experiment in visionary sensations for readier means of oblivion. Always, perhaps, a little consciously, but at least always sincerely, in search of new sensations, my friend found what was for him the supreme sensation in a very passionate and tender adoration. . . ." We could go on quoting indefinitely for the sake of those "somewhats," those "a littles," those "exquisitely's" and those "infinitely's," the last conspicuous in the passages of our selection by their absence. Everything in the book, Mr. Symons's introduction, Dowson's poetry and Dowson's prose, conspires to recall to our palates the flavour of those forgotten, delicious blends. So much so, indeed, that we are in danger of dwelling sentimentally on what we may call the *cheu*! fugacity of things instead of asking the question which it is the critic's business to ask: What right have Dowson's poems to figure among the World's Best Books? But perhaps we should not take the title of this series of reprints too seriously, for we note that among the World's Best Authors are to be found Ellen Key, Oscar Wilde, Lord Dunsany and Woodrow Wilson. Let us frame our question rather more modestly: How is it, then, that after a lapse of five-and-twenty years,

when the world is ruled by different and hostile literary fashions, Dowson's poetry is still sufficiently alive to make it worth a publisher's while to reprint it?

Dowson was a minor poet—"infinitely" minor, as he himself might have said. He could express only one emotion, he knew only one tune. But in his limitation lay his strength. For by piping continually in the same melancholy mode he arrived in the end at a small perfection of his own; and perfection, even in a little, limited thing, will always ensure for the poet who achieves it a more than temporary hearing.

Dowson was a sentimentalist of the school of Verlaine, the English apostle of nostalgia. He refined grief to homesickness—a sickness for what home one does not know; it was a *nostalgie de nostalgie*, a longing for some longing that should have a definite object. Beauty he decked out in fancy dress, accentuating its transience by the artificiality of its decorations. He evaporated, attenuated every sensation and emotion, till pain was somewhat dolorous and love a little passionate.

Art can express emotion in a variety of ways: simply and directly, as in folk-song, where the different modes have an immediate and almost physical effect; later on with the complexity of the symphony, in which the primitive emotion is enriched with all its intellectual and spiritual implications; and then decadently, by allusions to other works of art and by ringing the changes of a well-learned technique. Dowson was as incapable of writing folk-songs as of writing symphonies; he did not possess the spontaneous life or the mental capacity to do either. He gave expression to his sentimentalized grief in highly complicated forms, rich with associations. And the associations, the complexity of form themselves added to the sentimental effect, just as, in retrospect, the elaborate and artificial life of the French Court tinges the last days of the old régime with a perfectly factitious melancholy. It is, after all, no small achievement to have written:

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,  
Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;  
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

The images and metaphors are old, the technical devices are old, the whole thing is immensely artificial. And yet the lines are moving. Dowson has found the perfect expression for his own artificial emotion. He has discovered the elaborate "dying fall" that descends through the heart-breaking, discord-enriched dominant to a tonic diapason of pure silence—for it all ends in nothing, nothing at all.

There are moods in which these variations on a non-existent theme are all that the mind desires or deserves: moments of physical fatigue and mental lassitude, the true parents of sentimentality, when Verlaine's nostalgia is too subtly vaporous and Laforgue's too intellectual to be appreciated, and when Dowson, with his dying falls, his slow elaborate rhythms, his restful absence of any serious significance, is the only poet. We all suffer at times from these attacks of sentimentality: let us prepare for the next by laying in, among other homœopathic remedies, a copy of Dowson's poems.

A. L. H.

DURING the session 1919-20 Prof. John Adams, Professor of Education in the University of London, will give two courses of lectures which will be open without fee to teachers. The lectures will be delivered on Saturday mornings at 11.30 at the London Day Training College, Southampton Row, W.C. 1. The first course begins on Saturday, the 11th inst., and will deal with "Education for Life." The second course will be on "Craftsmanship in Teaching."



## A FAMOUS QUEEN

ISABEL OF CASTILE AND THE MAKING OF THE SPANISH NATION, 1451-1504. By Jerne L. Plunket. Illustrated. ("Heroes of the Nations.") (Putnam. 8s. net.)

IN the "foreword" to the present volume Mr. H. W. C. Davis well says that "Isabel is perhaps best known as the patroness of Christopher Columbus and the unflinching ally of the Spanish Inquisition." This statement is quite in accordance with facts, and the temptation to stress these two points in any account of her character is bound to be considerable. The author of this book has resisted that temptation gallantly, and has mastered the gentle art of omitting unessentials. The preliminary sketch—"Castile in the Fifteenth Century"—is a good example of skill in the suppression of exuberant detail, and the sketch of the relation of the Crown to the "procuradores" in Cortes leaves little to desire. As might be expected in a volume which forms part of a popular series, there is no effort at special research among recondite sources; but, as the appendix on pp. 425-6 shows, the leading authorities have been consulted. The result is not only a readable, but a trustworthy outline of the career of a remarkable woman.

The daughter of the worthless John II., and the half-sister of the still more worthless Henry IV., Isabel was a pawn on the political chessboard from the time that she was six years old, but the genuine importance of her political rôle did not become manifest till the death of her brother Alfonso in 1468. Henceforward her suitors were numerous, among them being the elderly Alfonso V. of Portugal, and some unidentified brother of our own Edward IV. These matrimonial projects came to nothing; Isabel took matters into her own hands, and, backed by the Archbishop of Toledo, was formally betrothed to Ferdinand of Aragon in October, 1469. The Archbishop's share in the match was important. Isabel was nothing if not a strict Catholic; she was well aware that no marriage with Ferdinand, her second cousin, would be valid unless a bull of dispensation were obtained. The Archbishop produced a document which satisfied the scruples of Isabel; unfortunately, it was not regarded as equally satisfactory by historians, many of whom have not hesitated to denounce the alleged bull as a forgery. The position was not legalized till 1473, and, a year later, the death of Henry IV. led to the proclamation of Isabel as Queen at Segovia.

A brief war with Portugal followed. It ended in Spain's favour, but victory was by no means a certainty, owing to the inexplicable defection of the Archbishop, who had formerly been the most strenuous of Isabel's supporters. This was assuredly a stroke of spiteful fortune. Still, there were compensations. During a period of relative peace an heir to the throne was born at Seville. This removed a cause of difference with many of Ferdinand's supporters who objected to any application of the Salic law and made claims which were not admitted by the Castilians and by their representative Isabel. Alfonso V. of Portugal recognized that the game was up, and in 1479 a treaty was signed whereby Isabel and Ferdinand bound themselves to pardon their rebellious subjects, while Alfonso V. undertook to renounce all thoughts of marrying his niece, "La Beltraneja," the putative daughter of Henry IV. The luckless "Beltraneja" was (1) to be free to wed the Prince of Asturias when he should be of marriageable age; (2) she might join the Order of Poor Clares; or (3) she might leave Portugal for good within six months. Of these alternatives she chose the second—a decision upon which she was congratulated by the future Archbishop of Granada, Fernando de Talavera.

Henceforth Isabel was free to concentrate upon the work of reorganization which awaited her. She was, as we have said, a fervent believer: she was also an astute politician. She had proved this in Henry IV.'s time by refusing to

allow herself to be proclaimed queen while her half-brother was alive, but had safeguarded her future by declaring against the legitimacy of the "Beltraneja." This implies the possession of a certain hard audacity. Both hardness and audacity were needed in Castile. For about a century Castile had been a scene of anarchy, and Isabel's first business was to quell disorder. This was achieved by developing the Holy Brotherhood, which had heretofore been simply a volunteer police force in certain districts. Its jurisdiction was extended to the whole country, and it became an effective body under men who had power of summary jurisdiction, extending to capital punishment in flagrant cases. These men were chosen for their incorruptibility, and Isabel set them a good example. At Medina del Campo a notorious evildoer offered to pay 40,000 ducats if his life were spared, and artfully suggested that this sum might go towards the expenses of a war against the Infidel. Such a war appealed strongly to Isabel, who was unable to embark on the enterprise for economic reasons; but she "preferred justice to money," and though the offender was executed, his estate was not confiscated. This was the beginning of the too famous Inquisition: it was not till later that this body came to be officered by clerics and took on a special ecclesiastical character.

With a treasury replenished by the general improvement of administration and by the resumption of Crown property, assigned to improvident nobles by the spendthrifts John II. and Henry IV., Isabel was soon in a position to give form to her dreams. The clericalized Inquisition naturally favoured the reconquest of Granada, and the expulsion of the Jews and of the "Mudéjares"; the fact that Columbus considered himself no less a missionary than an explorer attracted the Franciscan Fray Juan Pérez, and, through Fray Juan, secured a small contribution from the Crown. By a series of splendid accidents, 1492 became the *annus mirabilis* of Spain. The conquest of Granada was an object dear to Isabel's heart, and a necessary preliminary to the true policy of Spain—the acquisition of Northern Africa. How far Isabel perceived this is a little doubtful. It was plain to Cisneros and other Spaniards of the time. Possibly she was blinded by her affection for Ferdinand into supporting the latter's adventurous campaigns in Italy which ended in the impoverishment of Spain and in the aggrandizement of the Hapsburg dynasty. In so far as the discovery of America diverted Spain from concentrating all her strength upon North Africa, it may be argued that Columbus was anything but a benefactor to the country in which he settled.

Isabel, says the author, "rarely forgot that she was a Queen": the splendour in which she lived was part of a system, adopted to please others. Her natural tastes were simple, as were those of Ferdinand. She "rarely forgot that she was a Queen." She never forgot that she was a politician. It does not appear that she was intellectually or spiritually her husband's superior. She profited by his innumerable treacheries. So soon as Cisneros excused her breach of faith with the inhabitants of Granada, she annulled the terms of capitulation granted to them. She endorsed the severity with which Columbus was treated—partly because he proved an indifferent administrator, and partly because he was unable to fulfil his promises of sending home a great supply of treasure. None the less she was a great ruler, a woman of fearless resolution, and with her begins the brief period of Spanish domination in Europe. The title of "the Catholic Kings" was bestowed on her and Ferdinand by Alexander VI. in 1494, and the frequent blunders committed by Ferdinand after Isabel's death in 1504 give one a higher idea of her capacity for statecraft. An interesting survey of Castilian Literature, in which we notice a misprint on p. 415, brings a good book to a happy close.

J. F.-K.

## PROCOPIUS AND OTHERS

AESCHINES, "ORATIONS," with an English translation by C. D. Adams, Ph. D.—PLUTARCH, "LIVES," Vol. VII. (CICERO, DEMOSTHENES, ALEXANDER, JULIUS CÆSAR), with an English translation by Bernadotte Perrin.—PROCOPIUS, Vol. III. (HISTORY OF THE WARS, Books V. and VI.), with an English translation by H. B. Dewing. "Loeb Classical Library." (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net each.)

**H**APPILY the "Loeb Library" is not confined to what at Oxford and at Cambridge are known as "the best authors." The same parcel which contained the first half of the "Odyssey" (see *ATHENÆUM*, Sept. 12) provided E. M. F. with the theme for his delightful sketch of Clement of Alexandria (see *ATHENÆUM*, Aug. 8). It also brought us Aeschines, four "Lives" of Plutarch (with a new and accurate and spirited version), and an instalment of Procopius. These three volumes we have left for last, observing Samuel Butler's rule that the best grapes on the bunch should be first eaten. None of this remaining trio can be called quite first-rate; yet in all of them there is much entertainment. Their comparative unfamiliarity at once rebukes our laziness and reminds us of the scope, variety and richness of our Greek inheritance.

Read Aeschines, remembering that Dr. Adams, though he translates well and vigorously, has perforce somewhat diminished the lucidity, the point, the conversational familiarity of the original. You will not fail to admire the glib, grimacing talent of the Attic pleader. But you will perceive that, with his buzzing egoism, his garrulity and lively self-importance, this busy advocate was, compared with his antagonist Demosthenes, politically negligible—or if not quite negligible, mischievous. We can smile at his conceit—and even like him better for it—until we suddenly discover that this sage opponent of the war with Macedon is boasting that he engineered a jolly little "sacred" war among the Greeks themselves. Yet Aeschines, with all his faults, is still worth reading—first for his self-revealing talent, then for the proof he gives of the high pitch to which the art of talking had been raised in Athens, and lastly as a foil to his opponent's solid qualities, to his gravity, his indefatigable energy, his mental zest, his rational and splendid eloquence.

Plutarch does justice to Demosthenes. He admires, but obviously does not like him. Partly, perhaps, he feels that, in the patriotic fervour of denunciation, Demosthenes ignored the real significance, the living forces, of an age whose teachers were Socrates and Plato. For Plutarch, Alexander was no enemy of Hellas, but her hero and her greatest missionary, a type himself of all her virtues and defects, generous, tragic, lovable. Partly, perhaps, the gentle sage of Chaeronea, like many comfortable men of letters, found it easier to love a man of action than a talker. But that explanation also is inadequate. Plutarch loved Cicero, brilliant, conceited, ineffectual, a prince of talkers, talking for a hopeless, foolish cause, talking while Julius Cæsar built the system which to Plutarch seemed the best that Greeks and Romans together had achieved. Plutarch loved Cicero in spite of follies, failures, and mistakes. He loved him for his quick intelligence and his warm heart. Demosthenes he disliked, not because he was mistaken, still less because he was a failure, but because there was "a certain bitterness" in his nature. Perhaps it was because Demosthenes lacked both love and humour that, for all his patriotic fervour, he seemed somehow to have missed the truth about "the lovely things of Hellas."

Last of this admirable bunch is Procopius. The system which to Plutarch seemed definitive and stable perished by subtle processes of inward decay as well as by invasion both of superstition from the East and of barbarism from the West. Rome fell, and Europe sank into gross darkness

But for a long time remnants of the grand tradition lingered. Justinian, though he married Theodora and closed the philosophic schools of Athens, built St. Sophia, and inscribed his name, as legislator, on "the fair and everlasting monument" of the Code, the Pandects and the Institutes. "The vain titles of his victories," says Gibbon, "are crumbled into dust." But the name of his great general lives, and deserves to live. Belisarius would have made a worthy theme for Plutarch. His loyalty, his freedom from ambition, his modesty in triumph and his unimpaired resourcefulness and courage in adversity make him a peer of the old Greek heroes. In Procopius, his secretary and his loyal friend, he found a chronicler who could not only faithfully record his exploits, but also, by a rare good fortune, knew how to link his character to the good old tradition. This he does by putting speeches in his hero's mouth, packed with the old Greek commonplaces, but true, as the narrative shows, to the hero's character. "Do not hate the Neapolitans with a boundless hatred," cries Belisarius, when his soldiers, drunk with victory, are sacking Naples. "For when men have been vanquished, their victors never hate them any longer . . . Let the conquered learn by experience what kind of friends they have forfeited by reason of foolish counsel." The flavour of these speeches has evaporated somewhat in translation, and historians who think that the Loeb series will exempt them from the labour of acquiring Greek are much mistaken. But Mr. Dewing's accuracy is in general beyond reproach, and we hope even modern historians will use his work. Anyhow, those who write the history, even modern, of humane thought and humane feeling—the history most worth writing—cannot afford to ignore the great tradition of which Procopius is a worthy, though belated, representative. "Happy would be my lot," said Gibbon, "could I always tread in the footsteps of such a guide."

J. T. SHEPPARD.

## IS THERE A THEORY OF THE STATE?

THE STATE IN PEACE AND WAR. By John Watson, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston Canada. (Glasgow, MacLehose & Sons, 7s. 6d. net.)

**T**HE first 180 pages of this book are a summary of political philosophy from the early Greeks to Treitschke, and historical summaries of philosophy are notoriously unsatisfying. It may be merely for this reason that one concludes the survey with a strong impression of the perverse vagueness of almost all political philosophers, arising partly from their tendency to found political obligation, with more or less obscurity, upon selfish motives.

The last 40 pages, on International Relations in Peace and War, are largely quotations from politicians or publicists, with summary descriptions of the Hague Conference, the Balance of Power, and the British Empire. The intervening 60 pages are composed of chapters on the Analysis of the Modern State and the System of Rights. In this more original part Professor Watson mainly follows T. H. Green, and those who have already found that writer's use of the formula of a "common good" obscure or ambiguous will probably be confirmed in their obtuseness.

We are told that the foundation of all rights lies in a contribution to the common good (pp. 222 and 229), and expect consequently that we should have no duties to the infirm, to the insane, to animals and to savages. But this objection is turned by confining the term "good" to "that which is a means to the promotion of the fullest life of every individual in the community" (p. 216), and

by the identification of man's fullest life with "striving after the highest moral good or the realization of his essential nature." The justification of rights, then, is that they promote the common good, and the common good consists mainly in doing what is right; for instance, it may be supposed, in kindness to those who can do nothing for us or for others, and in the satisfaction of rights. This is not a true account of our conscious motives when we do what we think right, and as an analysis it appears to be a *petitio principii*. Particular rights and obligations are all the time presupposed.

The discussion of the General Will is hardly clearer. We are told that will, not force, is the basis of the State, but this will may be unconscious (p. 214), and indeed the history of man consists in discovering what the General Will is (p. 210). The true will of a people is said to differ from its actual will, though a consciousness of it is said to be implied in the law-abiding of the ordinary citizen (pp. 219, 224). "The sovereign authority is that will which the individual in his best moments recognizes" (p. 223), and "a people in its highest mind will disregard its own selfish interest in view of a higher end" (p. 244). But even in our best moments do we all agree? And is it in our highest mind that we vote? No; for it is admitted that a thing is not made right by the judgment of the members of an actual society.

What we can conclude from all this is that the good citizen must obey the general will; but the general will is merely the right will, and of what is right he alone must judge. But that a good citizen is one who does what he believes right we might have surmised with fewer words. And the doctrine is not only otiose, but dangerous, for in less impartial hands than Professor Watson's, by a natural equivocation between this ideal general will and the will of all or of the majority, it becomes a potent argument against independence and dissent.

It is hard to help suspecting that the common good and the general will are merely two more devices for outlining our duties in advance, and saving us the painful consideration of actual conditions and the balance of conflicting obligations. Such a hope appeals to the laziness of us all, and perhaps its promise of rule and regularity is particularly attractive to scholars. But in the nature of the case it is as impossible as a test of truth which will save us from weighing the evidence or a rule of art to economize our critical judgment. There is much truth in Ruskin's phrase that "No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or others of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act"; and in John Grote's suggestion that we may just as well assume that the greatest good will result from doing what is right as that we are doing right if we pursue the greatest good. Professor Watson himself, however, makes no extreme claims for his theory. It is true that when he thinks of the good as consisting in doing right he says that the good of the individual and of the whole coincide; but in a wider sense of the word he only hopes piously, "It may well be that the good of a State is identical with the good of mankind as properly conceived" (p. 216). With a similar modest optimism he urges that the ordinary voter, carried away by party catchwords, is really misled by a "light from heaven," since he mistakes what is pernicious for what is rational.

On the whole, Professor Watson falls between two stools. We could wish he had devoted some consideration to the question whether, as distinct from moral philosophy, there is any theory of the State other than Ideal Republics and Utopias. Perhaps the State, like the family, is merely one complication in which we must do what seems right.

E. F. C.

## LORD GREY'S FOREIGN POLICY

HOW THE WAR CAME. By Earl Loreburn. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

EARL LOREBURN'S book will almost inevitably give rise to acrimonious controversy. His thesis is that Viscount Grey's policy between 1905 and 1914 not only made it impossible for us to avoid being involved in the European war, but bound the Government's hands at the crucial moment when, if they had been unfettered, they could almost certainly have prevented the war altogether. Whatever be one's personal views upon this thesis, it is impossible not to admit and to admire the ability with which the book is written. And it has something more than mere ability. We confess that, until we had read this volume, we never fully realized the meaning of "British Justice," as it has materialized in the best traditions of the Bench of Judges. It is an august and a terrible thing. Earl Loreburn's book is really the summing up of a British judge, scrupulously fair, but pitiless and relentless, against Viscount Grey. Every benefit of every doubt is given to the accused man, every loophole for his escape is scrupulously opened, and as relentlessly closed against him; and, as we listen to the lucid but weighty paragraphs dropping with their regular thud as if each was a hammer blow from the hand of fate, and as we watch the case accumulate and the victim stripped and penned in his corner, waiting hopelessly now for the inevitable verdict, we feel a clutch at the heart of fear and of pity for this miserable, but guilty, man.

Lord Grey's guilt, however, as it appears in this case, is not that of any criminal intention. Earl Loreburn would acquit him and his policy of anything consciously or intentionally wrong. The book gives no kind of support to the German case against Britain as it appeared in the propaganda of the Kaiser's Government. Earl Loreburn's terrible indictment can be stated simply. He maintains that, when Viscount Grey agreed in 1905 to the "military and naval conversations" between the French and British staffs, and when he concealed the fact from the Cabinet, he entered upon the slippery slope of a secret policy upon which he and the Cabinet and the nation and Europe imperceptibly descended towards the "inevitable war." For those secret conversations led to an agreement as to the disposition of the British and French fleets, and hence to an "obligation of honour" which really bound us to support France if she became involved in war with Germany. And since France was bound by treaty to Russia, that meant that we had no longer kept our hands free in the wilderness of continental policy: we had in fact slipped into an entangling alliance, for, if Russian policy involved the Tsar's Government in war with Austria and Germany, France would be drawn in, because of her treaty, to support Russia, and we should be drawn in, because of our obligation of honour, to support France. And this policy was doubly disastrous because neither Viscount Grey nor the Government admitted to themselves that they had in fact entered the mesh of this entangling alliance. They dared not admit to the nation and Parliament the existence of such an obligation, and they honestly convinced themselves, and they kept on right up to the last moment assuring themselves and the nation, that their hands were free. But their hands were not free. Hence when those terrible fourteen days came with their terrible realities, realities which left no room for and paid no respect to any honest self-deceptions of statesmen, all Viscount Grey's tremendous efforts to prevent war were doomed from the first to fail. He could not make up his mind as to our policy, and therefore he could not throw the real weight of Britain on the side of peace.

L. W.



## THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND

THE JOURNAL OF EGYPTIAN ARCHAEOLOGY. Vol. V. Parts 1-4, 1918. (Egypt Exploration Fund, 13, Tavistock Square, W.C. 6s. net each part.)

THE Egypt Exploration Fund, typically British though its position is, has done a great deal to maintain the reputation of British scholarship in the world. "Typically British"; for this body, devoting itself to the history and archaeology of a country for whose destinies we have made ourselves responsible, enjoys no such Government subvention as an institution of the kind would certainly receive in France or Germany, and is dependent on the subscriptions or donations of its British and American supporters. Money questions have consequently been prominent in its history, and it has sometimes been difficult, and grows increasingly more so, to continue its activities on an adequate scale without financial risk. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, how much work of the highest value it has accomplished. The identification of Naucratis, the first Greek city of Egypt; the excavation of Daphnæ, where the Greek mercenaries of the 26th dynasty had their camp; of the great temple of Queen Hatshepsut at Dêr el-bahari near Luxor, and of Abydos, where most important results have been obtained; the copying and publication of the pictures and inscriptions in many Egyptian tombs—these are among the tasks carried out either by the main fund or by its younger branch, the Archaeological Survey. And there is besides the Græco-Roman branch, which has unearthed tens of thousands of papyri, and increased our stock of Greek literature by texts of the highest value.

The *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, the latest venture of the Fund, was started at an unfortunate time, in 1914, and during the war has been carried on under the difficulties only too painfully familiar to all editors of similar publications; but under the able editorship of Dr. Gardiner it has attained a very important position in Egyptology, and this, its latest volume, shows small trace of the difficulties of the time save in its belated appearance, the 1918 October number not being issued till June, 1919. It contains, indeed, in the way of illustrations, nothing of quite such general appeal as the superb portrait statue of a lady or the noble head of Amenemmes III. published in Vol. III., though the bas-relief in blue faïence of a Ptolemaic king chosen for the frontispiece to part 2 is a very charming work of art and admirably reproduced; but in solid value and in interest to students of Egyptology it yields to none of its predecessors. To mention but a few of its contents, the article on the "Expulsion of the Hyksos" by Mr. Gunn and Dr. Gardiner, with its translations of historical documents, and still more that of Dr. Gardiner on "The Delta Residence of the Ramessides," are of really great importance. In the latter Dr. Gardiner discusses the much-disputed question as to the site of Pi-Ra'messe, the Delta residence of Ramesses II. and his successors; and though what he and Mr. Gunn in the previous article well call the "empty frothiness" of Egyptian style and the incurable inaccuracy of Egyptian scribes, who could rarely copy a text quite correctly, make many steps in his argument somewhat conjectural, he certainly makes out a very strong case for his thesis that this famous city was situated at or near Pelusium, and, further, that the Raamses of Exodus is to be identified with it. M. Bénédite discusses an interesting prehistoric ivory knife-handle and various related objects, and throws light not only on primitive art, but also on the zoology of that distant period, and (if his theory of the geographical significance of the animals represented be correct, as it well may be) on the beginnings of the territorial divisions which afterwards became the nomes of Egypt. Biblio-

graphies of Christian and of Ancient Egypt respectively are contributed by Mr. Crum and Mr. Griffith; Dr. Caroline Williams describes a collection of Egyptian antiquities at Cleveland, Ohio; and Dr. Blackman in a series of interesting articles illustrates various points of ritual and religious belief. Finally, Professor Grenfell, representing the Græco-Roman branch, describes several of the literary texts since published in Part XIII. of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri," and gives some account of other papyrological work on which he is engaged, in the course of which he publishes a new and rather interesting Greek epigram from an ostrakon in the Bodleian.

"But what good came of it at last? quoth little Peterkin." It is the question which every disinterested mental activity must, sooner or later, face in a world more interested in money-making and money-spending than in the pursuit of knowledge. The art of Egypt, it must be confessed, was often, particularly in the later centuries, lifeless and mechanical; Egyptian thought and Egyptian religion were too often merely puerile. The Egyptian mind lacked that most precious art, the art of forgetting, and continued, in its maturity, to carry about with it the impedimenta which had served its infancy. The fable of mysterious wisdom and a profound science evolved by Egyptian priests, and only in part transmitted to the Greeks, made a brave show so long as the hieroglyphics remained unread; but when the shrine was unlocked by Champollion and his successors, it was found to be empty; as the disillusioned gentleman in the German anecdote said of the expressive purple eyes whose owner he had married in hope to fathom the secret which he felt sure lay behind them, "es war nichts dahinter." But that is only half the truth. Egyptian art was not always lifeless and mechanical; it was very often exquisite, sometimes even sublime; and a religious experience which could inspire the hymns of Akhnaton, a literary impulse which produced certain among the scanty remains of Egyptian literature which we possess, was far indeed from being merely puerile.

Apart, however, from all this, Egypt was, with Mesopotamia, for us Westerners the birthplace of civilization; from Egypt, if Dr. Gardiner's brilliant explanation of the characters seen in certain inscriptions found by the Fund in the Sinai peninsula be accepted, we derive our alphabet; and it is to Egypt that we owe even several of the motives familiar to our religious art. The fish symbol itself, for instance, whose purely Christian origin might seem to be guaranteed by the initials of Christ's titles (ΙΧΘΥΣ), appears from a recent discovery mentioned in Mr. Griffith's bibliography (p. 288) to have been first a symbol of Osiris, the god on whom rested a pious Egyptian's hopes of immortality. The extraordinary good fortune by which the dry climate of the country has preserved so many relics of antiquity furnishes an unsurpassed wealth of material for tracing the growth of culture from its most primitive forms to a high degree of perfection; while in the Greek papyri we have a storehouse of information, such as no other branch of ancient history can boast, on the social, economic, and administrative development of Græco-Roman Egypt. In the collection and publication of these treasures the Egypt Exploration Fund has played a great part, and it would be a thousand pities if, in view of the immense increase in all expenses, the recent refusal of our Government to assist its funds by a Treasury grant should lead to a curtailment of its activities.

B.

MESSRS. APPLETON will shortly issue the centenary edition of "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman. This volume will have the whole of the copyright matter, which has been entirely reset, and will thus include three volumes in one.



## A MODERN CHRYSOSTOM

THE HAPPY PHANTOM; OR SUSSEX REVISITED. By Arthur F. Bell. With an Introduction by Miss M. D. Petre. (Hove, Cambridges. 5s. net.)

THESE is much to recall Arthur Bell in these sentences from Pater's "Renaissance":

An indefinable taint of death had always clung about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biassed by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire.

Arthur Bell's life was a practice of the philosophy of that book. It was not a conscious enterprise, perhaps, and it was carried through not in the sense of a self-indulgent aestheticism, but as the courageous acceptance of a difficult life. Nevertheless, "to pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy," was Bell's ideal, and he might have made his own the maxim: "not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end."

That is why Miss Petre's work of piety in gathering up his Sussex essays, and issuing them with four of his delicate sketches of Sussex scenery, though welcome to his friends, does little to keep alive his personality. Her own tribute "In Memoriam" does more, for no selection from Bell's work would give much of himself. He completed little of what he wrote, and published little, we think, of what he completed. And his writing, in verse and prose, was in the main but the echo of his reading. It registered the effect on his mind of his literary gods: Belloc, Galsworthy, Mary Johnston, George Tyrrell and the rest. He imitated their works that he might live them; it was experience he aimed at, not creation.

It is tempting to speculate what that experience would have been, had the fearful accident of his childhood been spared him. He emerged from it paralysed in both legs, but never a cripple. Five minutes' intercourse with him banished all memory of his infirmity. His immobility in his chair, his need to be waited on, seemed simply an act of rather disdainful choice. The mental vigour that let him dispense with his limbs was an index to what he might have done with their aid. Gazing at the great head, which was in fact, not in mere rhetoric, Napoleonic, you could not doubt he would have stamped himself on the world.

As things were, he had to enjoy the world through his mind, for, like many victims of physical disability, he had relatively little emotional sensitiveness. But he tasted every experience open to him with all the force and brilliance of his character. Just as he spared no pains in starting books he never meant to finish, so he thought no trouble too much to found careers he never meant to follow. He could execute wonderful journalistic *coups*, but he would never yoke himself to journalism. At Oxford, to which he went late in life for a whim, he would spend himself sitting up over his texts at all hours, till the sight of Bell turning the leaves of his Liddell and Scott, revealed through the uncurtained windows of his lodging, became as familiar to the returning reveller as ever Friar Bacon bending over his crucible. Yet, though he could turn the gossip of his college into Tacitean prose that delighted his tutors, he soon grew weary of the race for honours, and left Oxford again with little to show for his labours. He was content to have felt what the scholar's life was like.

There remains of him really but the memory of his talk. There has been no other such Chrysostom in our time. In the Coffee Room of the "White Horse" at Storrington the visitors would humbly approach his table, and ask

if they might take seats at it, merely to listen. "We were the last of the wits at Oxford," he would say to some bashful friend who wondered what his own share in the wit could have been. But Bell touched nothing he did not turn to laughter: tutors, scouts, lodging-house keepers, all were irradiated.

He nothing common saw nor mean  
Upon that memorable scene.

Even the unfortunates employed to drag his bath-chair became great mythical figures in his circle. Even beyond his circle, among those who never heard his name, the greybeard commemorated in deathless iambs and the youth who, he swore, was the original stage-yokel, have become fixed types in the realm of impious legend. But it is useless to dwell on this now. The disciple can preserve the wisdom, but never the wit, of his master.

Whether or no Bell, like the great man referred to by Pater, found his stimulus in "the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire," his mind was essentially of the eighteenth century. His rather tragic relations with religion showed that. Haunted to the end of his life by the spell of Catholicism, he could never find rest in a creed that demanded faith. After the failure of Modernism—to which all his fondness for Tyrrell could not blind him—he relapsed into a kind of Erastian Anglicanism. "The Church of England is a branch of the Civil Service" was an aphorism that he loved. Clergymen he would describe as "civil servants," and the decorous rites of his college chapel as "a very civil service indeed." Unforgettable is the pantomime in which he would render the disapprobation of his views felt by a certain celebrated High Church clergyman. Yet he wavered again after reading the "Life of Newman," and one of his latest sketches was of the singing of the gospel at High Mass in St. Bartholomew's, Brighton. He died without further change, however, and no change was really to be expected from him. He would have made a triumphant entry into Valhalla, and, surely, on any gods that prize courage and fellowship, so gallant and well-loved a spirit must have a claim.

## OCTOBER: AUTUMN FIRES.

How quiet the air!  
Straightly goes up the blue and delicate spire  
Of smoke from the weed fire  
By the gold glory of the asparagus bed;  
Michaelmas daisies are standing like sentinels there  
In clumps of blue and red.

And look, all round  
Straightly goes up the blue and delicate smoke  
From fires of other folk  
In neighbouring fields, beneath the glory of gold  
Wherewith the trees all honourably are crowned  
Now that the year is old.

Dreams and weeds  
With many a perished, once triumphant thing,  
Our autumn offering,  
Burn between gold and gold to the bright sky.  
Dreams are burning as rubbish and no one heeds—  
They lived, and they must die.

But to and fro  
One there is passing, heart-shaped trowel in hand  
Where Michaelmas daisies stand,  
Planting the dream that bears a tulip name,  
That April as cups of flaming crimson will show  
Where now the dead things flame.

DOROTHEA SUMNER.

# PORTRAITS AND PASSIONS

SEPTEMBER. By Frank Swinnerton. (Methuen. 7s. net.)

PERHAPS it is owing to the composure and deliberation of Mr. Swinnerton's style in this his new novel that we are sensible of a slight chill in the air long before Marion Sinclair discovers that she is in the September of her life. We are given, at the very outset, a full-length and highly finished portrait of her: Portrait of a Lady, *Ætat.* thirty-eight—blond, beautiful, extraordinarily reserved, "completely, it seemed, mistress of herself in every emergency." She has been married for fifteen years to a wealthy City man whom she knows thoroughly well and is clever enough not to despise. She is childless and without relatives or intimate friends, but in the country, where she spends the greater part of the year, her neighbours find her mysterious enough and sympathetic enough to make them wish to confide in her, even while they feel "rather ashamed in her company of their own silliness and passion for excitement." Fond of flowers, enthusiastic over her bees, a good tennis-player, playing the piano with a sensitive touch, though without technical equipment enough for Chopin's Ballade in A Flat—does the author mean to be cruel or to be kind in thus describing her? We are never wholly certain, but having her thus framed and glazed, we are rather acutely conscious of his task when he proceeds to turn the lady into flesh and blood.

The first shock administered is a slight but unexpected one. Offering her husband the cigarettes one evening: "What are they?" he demanded. "Two-toed-Twins?" And she realizes almost immediately that the silly name is a joke he has with another woman, and that he is being unfaithful to her. . . . "She is a little resentful." Then some neighbours come to dinner, bringing with them a nephew, Nigel Sinclair, a handsome young man of twenty-six, with a very ardent, naive way of talking that stirs her strangely. . . . Finally, two young people come to visit her, one of whom, Cherry Mant, a girl of twenty, is of the very nature of Spring. She is not gentle May, but rather early April, or even late March—for there are moments when she is wild and treacherous—a little savage, trying to destroy her own flowers, a little fury, with a needle of ice unmelted in her heart. But there are other moments when she is Beauty, untouched and unbroken, smiling at the sun and at Marion and Marion's husband. The ideas, emotions and suggestions that she evokes in Marion seem inexhaustible; she might be the first young woman whom the older woman had ever encountered. Every glance of hers is a surprise and a wonder, and when Marion discovers her locked in her husband's arms, her astonishment is not particular; it is all a part of her endless astonishment. Cherry, on her side, is drawn to Marion. She has a longing to confide in the older woman, to try and explain her puzzling self, to try and find out why she is Cherry, but nothing comes out of these intense, emotional dialogues; Cherry is still baffling, and Marion is still wise:

"Aren't I funny!" whispered Cherry. "You're not funny."  
"At any rate, I'm not unfunny," protested Marion.

These words occur at the close of one of their most poignant interviews. There is no hint from the author that he does not mean them to be taken *au grand sérieux*, but we shudder to consider how many female conversations have ended on precisely that note.

On the very day that Cherry and Howard are discovered together, to comfort Marion's pride comes Nigel Sinclair. He is young, he is twenty-six, and he admires her. He never thinks of her as old—only as "wonderful"—and so September defies Spring. Love comes to Marion, ardent, burning love; her quiet untroubled summer is over. The leaves are touched with gold, but it is not yet Autumn; there is a brilliance in these late flowers that mocks the

other blossoms of the year. And yet there is an anguish, too, a bitterness. Through it all she is haunted by the vision of Cherry. How can Cherry live so lightly—love so lightly? Be one thing to-day and another to-morrow? Is she evil, is she "a wanton," or just a child, or just a young creature helpless because there has never been anyone to help her? Marion cannot decide, but it is as though Cherry has stolen her peace of mind and will not say where she has hidden it away, and Marion is too proud to ask. And in some strange way it is because of Cherry that Marion denies Nigel when he asks her to prove her love. Then begins her real agony. She has never known what it was to love "like this." How could she have known. It is September love—the late love that women are supposed to long for and to dread. And when her misery is at its height, Nigel comes to tea and she offers him one of the fatal cigarettes.

"Hullo!" he cried in a puzzled way. "Do you smoke old Two-toed-Twins?"

It is Cherry's name for them. When Marion recovers from this final shock, she begins, as it were, to step back into her frame. She decides, after "a frenzy of jealousy," that Cherry and Nigel are meant for each other, and it is only through her recovered sympathy and understanding that they are saved from drifting apart.

"So marriage will be very difficult for you, and it's only if you try hard to be considerate, and find your happiness in Nigel's happiness, that the marriage will succeed . . ."

These are among her final words, and we feel they are just what she would have spoken before she stepped out of her frame. They are the words of advice given by the Portrait of a Lady, *Ætat.* thirty-eight, blond, beautiful, and with enough air of mystery to invite confidences. . . . In her frame she could not be more convincing, but out of it—do such ladies ever escape? Do they not rather step into other frames? Portrait of a Lady in Love, Portrait of a Jealous Lady—and then a whole succession of "problem" portraits: Nigel lighting a Two-toed-Twin cigarette with Marion looking on, and Howard and Cherry embracing in the wood with Marion looking through the leaves. They are most carefully, most conscientiously painted, but we are not held. What has happened to Marion, to Nigel, Cherry and Howard? Nothing. They have weathered the storm, and dawn finds them back again in the same harbour from which they put out—none the worse or the better for their mock voyage. We cannot help recalling the words of an old-fashioned Music Professor: "My child, leave the 'expression' out; you are playing a study. One does not put 'expression' into studies." Is it possible that Mr. Swinnerton even ever so slightly agrees with him—or would like to agree with him? And what do we mean exactly by that word "expression"? Can we afford to leave it out of a page, of a paragraph—after Tchekov?

K. M.

WITH the September number, the *Anglo-Italian Review* will appear in an enlarged form under the auspices of the British Italian Commercial Association. Mr. Edward Hutton remains editor, and Messrs. Constable will continue to publish as heretofore. The object of the *Review*, namely, the support of Anglo-Italian relations, will of course remain the same; but it is natural, now that the war is over, that greater space should be devoted to economic than to political subjects, and this, we understand, will be the programme of the *Anglo-Italian Review*.

A NEW series of eight Hibbert lectures on "Phases of Theism in Mediæval India" will be given this autumn at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, at 5.30 on Wednesday afternoons, beginning on the 22nd inst. Like many of his predecessors, the lecturer, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Oxford, is a distinguished authority on comparative religion. Admission is free without ticket.

## LETTERS FROM AMERICA

## I. PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FLUTE

ONE of the most interesting of the more obscure literary events of the year in America is the publication of "Plays for Poem-Mimes," by Alfred Kreymborg, former editor of *Others*. The public, or that iridescent fraction of it which occasionally thinks of such things as poetry, has not found it easy to make up its mind about Alfred Kreymborg. When his first book, "Mushrooms," appeared—a book to which he appended the disarming subtitle "A Book of Free Forms"—this iridescent fraction twinkled for a moment between indifference and derision: could a man who wrote thus be anything but charlatan? Was he serious? And the oddities of taste to which Mr. Kreymborg lent himself in the editorship of *Others* were not calculated to mitigate this impression. A good many people have from first to last thought of him as one who, with a view to obtaining easy publicity, has courted the bizarre in art, the æsthetically bristled, very much as a newspaper editor might court the sensational. Perhaps there is a trace of truth in this. But one must remember that Mr. Kreymborg was in the position of an editor-poet, serious in his intentions (even if his intentions related largely—as whose do not?—to himself), but almost wholly without funds. Some sort of publicity was indispensable. And it was only too dangerously easy for one whose natural interest was in the "new" in art to heighten "newness" for his purpose, to the point of novelty.

The result has been, as in most such cases, two-natured: it has made Mr. Kreymborg tolerably well known, but on the other hand the reputation it has bestowed on him is in a sense a speckled one, the colour of which is questionable.

"Mushrooms," in fact, was a book of which experiment and uncertainty were ruling motives. It was something new in poetry that Mr. Kreymborg desired, but of what nature this should be was not quite clear to him. Rhyme, one imagines him saying to himself, can, and perhaps should, be largely dispensed with; stanza patterns certainly are not desirable when they are not inevitable; one's personality should, in the full sense of its immediate moment, be free and colloquial; and are capital letters at the beginnings of lines any longer necessary? Into the psychological value of the latter custom one need not go; nor need one here discuss the sheer propulsive force, or value for emphasis, or for beauty of sound, of rhyme. One is more interested in Mr. Kreymborg's effort to give full rein to his personality, and have it none the less, as it were, pace.

For the fact is that if we approach his work first from the technical side we find it to be something quite different from what is commonly called free verse or cadenced verse. Mr. Kreymborg is in reality a melodist: a melodist perhaps more exactly in the musical than in the metrical sense, though the result is, or should be, in the upshot, the same. The poems in "Mushrooms" are constantly approaching the condition of having a tune, and Mr. Kreymborg has himself told us that it is often with a definite musical tempo in mind—three-four time, for example—that he writes them. It is not remarkable, therefore, that one feels more precision and gusto of movement in many of these poems than one does in most free verse. What is remarkable is that on the whole one feels this so seldom, relatively; or—perhaps it would be fairer to say—that one so seldom feels it strongly. Certain of the shorter lyrics fall clearly and deliciously enough into a piercing Mozartian pattern, a pattern which loses perceptibly nothing through the absence of rhyme. In such cases one feels that the addition of piano accompaniment and melody for the voice would be extremely simple. This is true also of many of the brief lyric movements in the "Plays for Poem-Mimes." Observe, for example, from "Mushrooms" the opening lines of "To Circe":

Voice, voice, marvelous voice;  
Come, come back to me!

Or from his later volume, in "When the Willow Nods":

Only when the willow nods  
does the water nod.

In these excerpts the melody is clear enough. But these are the exception, and all too often one looks in vain for

the metrical or rhythmical clue. What is the difficulty? Mr. Kreymborg is, as it happens, exceptionally sensitive to music, exceptionally perceptive of its values. But of this sensitiveness and perceptiveness he carries over to the other art, the art of word-arrangement, only so much of music as relates to the distribution of ictus and pause. This alone, unfortunately, will not wholly serve. Ictus is lame, or actually functionless and vestigial, if it does not fall on the right syllable, the syllable suited to the occasion by its sound; and pause, if it be distributed without regard for the kindred pauses of idea and orotundity, is merely unobservable. A beautiful or rich or subtle movement in poetry derives about equally from sound-values and rhythm-values: the skilful poet knows how to synthesize them in such a way as at one moment to produce harmony, when they fall smoothly in unison, and at another to produce dissonance, when they slightly clash. Mr. Kreymborg could manage the rhythmic part of this synthesis, but his sense of sound-values is deficient. He appears to be unaware of the variability of effect producible by syllabic arrangement, the felicitous alternation or repetition of deep or shallow vowels, dull or sharp consonants, or consonants richly sheathed.

The result of Mr. Kreymborg's deficiency in the sense of sound-values is that his verse has about it always—whether the melodic movement is marked or slight, grave or capricious—a kind of thinness, a thinness as evident to the eye as to the ear—evident to the eye, perhaps, as too slight a filament might be when dedicated to a task too severe, audible to the ear as the thin obstructed voice of a flute, a voice which one might conceive as being embodied, above the flute, in a waver of finest gossamer. The medium is, it is true, individual: one could not mistake a poem by Mr. Kreymborg. It has its delicate charm, whimsical or sharp; and it has also its absurdities, when the childlike candour which is the poet's favourite mood leads him to extravagances of naive repetition. Mr. Kreymborg has, it is possible, been a little too much encouraged by admiration in this regard. His charm for us has been, always, so largely a personal charm, a charm of the colloquial voice, of the intimate gesture seen through the printed page, the whimsical, shy, defensive twinkle or grimace, that perhaps it has become difficult for him not to overdo it. A responsive audience is demoralizing. If one can so captivate with a penny whistle's droll capricious tenderness and innuendoes, why concern oneself with an orchestra?

Well, why indeed? . . . It is Mr. Kreymborg himself who shows us why. The fact is that he is by way of being a philosophical poet, one who is never completely happy unless he is teasing himself or his reader with the insoluble hieroglyphs of the universe—hieroglyphs which he employs, as an artist should, half for their own sakes and half for their value as sheer decoration. But it is curious to observe how step by step with Mr. Kreymborg's development of the philosophical attitude has developed also one of its important germinal components, a component which had its value and charm during the earlier phases, but which now threatens to become an incubus. This component is Mr. Kreymborg's fondness for the attitude of childlike wonder, for the exclamation of round-eyed astonishment, a lyricism a trifle too consciously sheer; a note which even at the outset in "Mushrooms," for those who do not wish in poetry merely a saturated solution of tender personality, manifested a disposition to become, whenever the framework of thought was too slight, a poetic paraphrase of the lisp and coo. The attitude of wonder is itself of course impeccable: one cannot possibly quarrel with anything so profoundly and beautifully human, or so productive, as it has been, of the finest note in poetry. What one resents somewhat is Mr. Kreymborg's reduction of it at times to a sort of babblement, as if he were determined to hear the world only when it spoke to him in monosyllables—and not in the primal and thundering monosyllables, the superb monoliths by which we measure our bewildered insecurity, but in those rather which suggest the pinafore. This one forgave in the earlier volume, for there it had about it a pleasant irresponsibility and gusto; but in the later volume, where Mr. Kreymborg abandons his "free forms" for plays in free verse, one's forgiveness is not unmixed. For what indeed has occurred here but that Mr. Kreymborg has made precisely a convention of this attitude of childlike wonder,



and has, in every play here submitted, from twinkling farce to twinkling tragedy, reduced our Heaven knows not too mature humanity consistently to terms of mincing precocious childhood? Let us grant that once or twice repeated this still has its exquisite charm, as of a tiny Mozartian melody twinkling from a minute music-box. To this charm, certainly, one surrenders in "Manikin and Minikin": in "Lima Beans" and "Jack's House," however, one is now and then just perceptibly annoyed by the persistent sentimentality with which the poet reduces his *personæ*, not indeed merely to terms of childhood, but more exactly to terms of dollhood. The boy and girl regard each other with eyes perpetually like saucers, their mouths for ever shaped to the "Oo!" of puppet wonder, their gestures unvaryingly rectangular and affectedly awkward. What, even from Mr. Kreymborg's viewpoint, is gained by this? One perceives readily enough, of course, his wish to present his *personæ* "in a light," in the light of human futility and its charming (or ridiculous) helplessness. The puppet, particularly in a tragic rôle, does this to perfection: it is an artifice, or indeed a mechanism, admirably suited to its purpose. But once done is there any use doing it again? Is it wise of Mr. Kreymborg to make this one note the burden of everything he writes? The themes of "People Who Die," it is true, or "Blue and Green," are unlike, and are played upon very often with great delicacy and precision, with a subtlety of perception which has beauty and dignity. But here also the hero and heroine are dolls, studiously restricting themselves to rhythms and ideas which frequently suggest nothing so much as Mother Goose. It is high time these precocious children grew up.

And Mr. Kreymborg must surely be aware that as long as he stages for us merely this parade of dolls—no matter in what lights or costumes or charming quarrels or exquisitely naive psychological self-searchings—these things will be but the surface twinkle, and the basic idea will remain "doll." The cords of a convention are about him. If Mr. Kreymborg wishes range for his speculations, variety for his moods, will he not do well to abandon his whimsical flute—not altogether, for it has its beauties of clarity and liquid modulation, its droll breakings into the squeal of falsetto—and try now and then another instrument? There are limits, after all, to what one can say through a flute. And there is no doubt that Mr. Kreymborg has more to say.

CONRAD AIKEN.

## THE LIBRARY ARTS

THE probability is that those who do read read too much; or perhaps we should put it that we read not wisely but too well. A famous publicist who continually makes audiences stand agape at the depth and variety of his erudition exclaimed, on entering the fine library of a friend of mine, "Too many books, far too many books!" Life and skilled conversation with all sorts and conditions of those who have read, worked, researched, and acted, had produced a remarkable example of what Bacon had called a ready man, though possibly not a full man. Not well-read in the ordinary sense, he was yet vastly superior to most of those who have read vastly more. He was, indeed, exceptional; but the instance serves to bring out the sovereign importance, in the matter of reading books and developing the mind, of the old distinction between quantity and quality, method and judgment, in comparison with mere energy and persistence.

But it is given to few to pursue this line of education under competent tutors. The value of the living voice, of personal contact with the teacher, was rated high when populations were not unmanageably huge and education of the million was not compulsory. Now, as soon as we have passed a certain elementary stage, we depend for our intellectual, if not our material, progress almost entirely on books. Hence the importance of what Americans call the Book Arts or the Library Arts, a more satisfactory phrase than Library Science.

The subjects taught in a School of Librarianship have two opposite but complementary aspects. From the librarian's point of view it is a matter of collecting, arranging, cataloguing, and making readily accessible "all the best that is known and thought in the world." But everything given is a thing received and, presumably, wanted; every export is an import, everything sold is a thing bought. The Library Arts

are of no less utility to every person who wants to learn "all the best that is known and thought in the world." Bibliography ought to be a part of every curriculum. Children are taught to read. They should also be taught how to read. The book habit and then the library habit should be instilled in early years. School libraries should not only be universal and abundantly supplied with books, but should, further, be models of instructive arrangement and graphic illustrations of how to find the way from book to book. They should be a lesson in map-reading, and book-selection should be taught as the art of making maps for oneself, since at some not distant date the child will have to carry on his own education, unless the merely preliminary work of schooling is to lose more than half its fruits. Accordingly, the uses of the different kinds of books, including the abilia—dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases, and guides to reading—ought to be a prominent item on the school time-table, together with the ways to avoid waste of effort in reading, and the training not only of a literary sense, but also of the art of discriminating between original and secondhand. The young reader, in short, since he is soon to be thrown on his own resources, must learn something of the craft of research, and must realize that we pursue knowledge, not for its own sake merely or for ourselves, but for the sake of all.

Unfortunately, the Library Arts are not yet comprised in any scheme of elementary education. Most grown-up people know surprisingly little about bibliography, classification, or indexing. The ordinary person, in the daily problem of what he or she shall read, is at the mercy of the journalist, who is too often at the mercy of the advertising publisher. So instruction in the Library Arts is very pressing; there are serious arrears to make up. The sum of human effort wasted because few know how to classify, or to index, or where to look for what has already been done, discovered, or recorded, is beyond computation. The Index to Periodicals, which was begun under the aegis of THE ATHENÆUM a year or two ago, had to be undertaken by a small group of private enthusiasts. The Germans are expert indexers. This was one of the main bases of their efficiency. They never forgot what had been done by themselves or by anyone else. They knew exactly where to look for the useful thing at the right moment. Take an instance that is particularly relevant to our subject. We have in this country some defective directories of publishing and the book-trade. There is a German directory of an exhaustive kind, which in mere bulk could swallow up all our perfunctory attempts. In the routine of industry what genuine superiority belonged to Germany rested to a large extent on efficient indexing and the systematic method which is a leading feature of library economy.

For though classification as practised by librarians may be open to the reproach that it is unscientific, being a classification of books rather than of knowledge, of novels as well as philosophy, books on painting as well as history and economics; and though it is necessary to depart from logical procedure by taking form into account as well as subject; nevertheless, the methodology of a well-ordered library substantiates the librarians' claim that to bring the reader into the library is to train his mind. What is described as the Open Access system has helped innumerable readers, who were thwarted and confounded by the traditional closed library, not only to acquire the sense of literature that comes from the mere handling and the physical charm of books, but, furthermore, to order their minds and organize their intellectual attainments on lines corresponding to the scheme of human thought.

The Library Arts include things useful in daily life and in all departments of business. To all classes of literary workers they are indispensable, and if they are nowhere taught the individual has to evolve his own bibliography and his own apparatus of research. Six months' training in a good library would have eased the labour and multiplied the results of how many patient researchers! A course in the study and care of archives would have saved priceless records from disappearance or burial with the mass of the unsifted and worthless. When the Library Arts are properly taught we shall doubtless awake to the value of the undeveloped library resources that are now running to waste, and to a sense of what the public library might be if we gave it its proper place in the intellectual economy of the social State.

ERNEST A. BAKER.



## LITERARY NOTES

PUBLISHED six years ago in a limited edition, Remy de Gourmont's "*Le Latin Mystique*" is a book which is not very easy to come by now. It might well, we feel, be issued in a more popular form, for it contains material of the greatest interest that is not readily accessible in any other place. "*Le Latin Mystique*" is one of the books that make one suddenly and painfully conscious of those vast gulfs of ignorance which yawn in all directions across the surface of one's commonplace culture. Mediæval Latin poetry—for us, at any rate, it was a vast, black lacuna. De Gourmont's anthology and critical history provide at least a series of stepping-stones across the void.

We come away from the book with a renewed respect for the Latin tongue and its possibilities. Was there ever a language so dense, so weighty, so sonorous? We see it, for example, in the hands of the exquisite Sidonius Apollinarius becoming a perfect vehicle for terse, precise, realistic description. Sidonius's account of the invading barbarians is extraordinary in its closely-packed exactness:

Hic glaucis Herulus genis vagatur,  
Imos Oceani colens recessus  
Algo prope concolor profundo.

From the Herulian, who is "almost the same colour as a seaweedy sea," we pass to the Frank, "whose watery glance whitens with glaucous light":

lumine glauco  
Albet aquosa acies.

But the poetry of Sidonius comes too early to exhibit the new beauties with which the language later adorned itself. Rhyme was little used in his day, and quantitative verse still held the field. The new system of versification developed slowly; its "bright consummate flower," from the technical point of view, was Adam of St. Victor, who lived in the twelfth century, seven hundred years after Sidonius. A recent English edition of his poetry exists to prove that he was a versifier of incredible ingenuity, a juggler with words and rhymes—and very little else. The really great poet of his century is St. Bernard; less ingenious, perhaps, than Adam of St. Victor, but far more genuinely lyrical than his contemporary. St. Bernard had that profound conviction of the reality, the inevitability and the horror of death, which gives to so much mediæval poetry its peculiar intensity.

The flesh is bruckle, the fiend is slee:  
*Timor mortis conturbat me;*

the refrain is sung in many different keys by other writers besides Dunbar. St. Bernard returns to this theme again and again. In the following lines, for example, he sings, harshly and fiercely, the tune that Villon was later to make beautiful and melancholy:

Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis,  
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?  
Vel pulchrior Absalon, vultu mirabilis?  
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?  
Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?  
Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio? . . .  
O esca vermium, o massa pulveris!  
O roris vanitas, cur sic extolleris!

It is curious that the conviction of death should have inspired, even among Christian writers, much more fine poetry than the hope of immortality.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS have lately published two books which will rejoice the book-lover of moderate means—and are not the means of the true book-lover always moderate? One is a reprint of Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*" (2s. net), in the excellent format of "*The World's Classics*," with an admirable introduction by Mr. Clement Shorter, doubly valuable because it contains the text of an unpublished letter by Mrs. Gaskell which gives an even more vivid picture of the tragic household of the Brontës than any to be found in her book. The letter is a masterpiece of quick and passionate apprehension, and if only for the reason that the letter is contained in it, the new edition of the book is bound to supersede the old. The other book is a pretty little volume of selections from the work of Walter Savage Landor, edited with a discriminating enthusiasm by Mr. John Bailey (2s. net).

## NINETY YEARS AGO

THE first article in THE ATHENÆUM for September 30, 1829, is a review of an "Examination of the Principles and Policy of the Government of British India. By a Gentleman in the Service of the Honourable East India Company." The reviewer shows his liberal principles by agreeing with all that his author has to say in condemnation of the methods of the Company, and by adding further condemnations of his own:

The sovereign power has not merely laid hands upon all that portion of yearly produce which should go towards the accumulation of national capital, but it has closed to the native population every avenue to power or to distinction. There is no office in the civil or military establishments of government accessible to a native, which a European would not disdain to accept. Let us quote a little from our author. "Prosperity withers under our shade. . . We have grasped and monopolized everything—the field of honourable ambition, every lucrative post of a great and extensive empire; by the activity of our free traders we have superseded even the coarsest manufactures of the country. The business of life has been compressed into its dullest routine: to worship images; to go on pilgrimages and to grow strong in religious prejudices and immorality, through ignorance and poverty. . . The Hindoo can only become rich in religious grace by prayer and fasting; and may possibly acquire a treasure of mental resignation, the boon of Britons to men of dark complexions."

What will be the fruit of this administration? asks the reviewer.

The country, it is true, is still under our control, but "India," says Sir John Malcolm, who belongs to the oppression school "India is as quiet as gunpowder." . . . Of this we may be assured, that should the day of insurrection ever arrive, it will be bold, and bloody, and tremendous in the same degree as the people who shall rise against us will be barbarous, ignorant and exasperated.

Under the heading "Prices of Pictures on the Continent" is given an account of "a late picture sale at Bremen":

The highest price bidden was 285 thalers (the thaler being worth 3s. 2d.), but this lot was not sold, as the sum bid was considered below the value of the picture. The picture was a Paul Potter . . . it was remarkable for its truth to nature. . . . A picture attributed to Van Dyck, a portrait of a prince, full length and of the size of life, for 200 thalers, was purchased for the present splendid and known collection of the Prince of Bückeburg, as were also a Rembrandt (man's portrait) for 75 thalers; a Rubens (Hero and Leander) 72 thalers. . . . A Teniers fetched 72½ thalers; a landscape of Poussin 50; a Giulio Romano 57. This sale, it is remarked, shows a great improvement in prices within the last few years.

The "improvement" has been even more remarkable since then.

The first article in THE ATHENÆUM for October 7 is a review of Benjamin Constant's "*Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique*." The reviewer says:

If we were called upon to point out the most characteristic distinction which separates French writers of the present age from those of any former generation, we should without hesitation fix it in the superior spirit of truth which appears to us to animate the whole of their labours. Not of truth metaphysical, political or economical; . . . but of truth as it is open to all men—of truth in disposition and intention of mind. This quality at best had but a languid existence in the works of the most eminent men of the last age in France. The leading ranks in society had reached that point of corruption in which they did not recoil from the consciousness of dishonesty and debasement, or object to the satirical exposure of their vices in the history, the poem, or the drama. But they still laid claim to similar sort of *menagemens* to those which might be exacted by an old dame of *ci-devant* doubtful reputation; and which would consist not by any means in abstinence from sportive or satirical reminiscences, but in caution not to call things by their right names, and not to press too closely on the sore points of character which there are none but have the grace to be ashamed of.

A regular weekly advertisement of the Colosseum, Regent's Park, appears in the columns of THE ATHENÆUM at this period. It seems to have been an expensive kind of "Funland," for "to view the Panorama alone" cost 1s., "to view the Panorama, with the original Ball removed from St. Paul's Cathedral—the Prospect from the summit of the Building—and the Saloon for the reception of Works of art," cost 3s., and "to view the Conservatories, Fountain and Swiss Cottage" was another 2s.

## Science

### THE INERT GASES

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago those gathered together at the annual meeting of the British Association must have found one subject almost monopolizing their thoughts and conversation. For it was in 1894 that Rayleigh and Ramsay announced the discovery of a new elementary atmospheric gas, argon, and new elements were already becoming *rare aves* at the end of the nineteenth century.

In the territories of experimental science there appear from time to time junctions where trains of thought and action seem to arrive and to leave, from and to all parts of the country. The discovery of argon is one of these strategic points. The long-distance train from Cavendish's investigations of the atmospheric gases, the "local" bringing hitherto inaccessible supplies of liquid air, arrived at this station; soon after the departure was to be observed of the inert gas and the periodic law expresses, travelling, as was later to become evident, on parallel lines to the busy centre of Radio-activity, the first stop for the theory of Isotopes.

It is a fascinating occupation to follow each one of these routes, taking a given discovery and a definite period as the centre, and the history of chemistry probably shows more of such points of concentration than that of any other science, largely because of its intermediate position between the exact and the empirical sciences.

It was in 1785 that Henry Cavendish published his "Experiments on Air." This pioneer of quantitative chemistry—remarkable alike for his love of solitude and horror of strange faces, and for his immense wealth and complete indifference to comfort—was the first to demonstrate the exact composition of water; hardly less important were the results of his work on the atmosphere's composition. He took a glass tube full of air, sealed at one end, inverted it over a solution of caustic potash, and passed a series of electric sparks between wires sealed into the tube. The potash rose in the tube, showing that the *phlogisticated air* (nitrogen) and the *dephlogisticated air* (oxygen) had combined under the influence of the charge, and that the oxides of nitrogen thus formed dissolved in the solution. By passing in a sufficiency of pure oxygen it was possible to make all the nitrogen disappear, and the potash should have risen right to the top of the tube. It never did so; there was always left a small bubble of gas, which no amount of further sparking could remove. On this said Cavendish: "If there is any part of the phlogisticated air of our atmosphere which differs from the rest, and cannot be reduced to nitrous acid, we may safely conclude that it is not more than 1/125th part of the whole."

In 1894 Lord Rayleigh, engaged in redetermining the density of nitrogen for the purpose of more accurately establishing its atomic weight, observed that nitrogen obtained by the decomposition of pure nitrogen compounds was almost 1/200th lighter than that obtained from the air by the removal of all the other constituents. He and Ramsay then set to work, by different methods, to discover what was this heavier constituent of residual atmospheric nitrogen. They were able to concentrate it by diffusing air through a porous clay tube; they found that the nitrogen from the diffused air was markedly lighter than that left behind. Their method for finally isolating argon was to pass large quantities of atmospheric nitrogen repeatedly over heated metallic magnesium, until the residual gas no longer showed the spectrum of nitrogen. It is now possible to obtain comparatively large quantities of pure argon by freezing the impure gas in a bath of liquid hydrogen; fractional distillation of the resultant solid or liquid at

ordinary pressures causes the argon to volatilize first, at a temperature of  $-186.1$  degrees centigrade.

Mendeleeff said of Rayleigh's and Ramsay's discoveries that they "are among the most remarkable ever made in science, and prove to what a high degree of perfection the exact comparative investigation of substances may be brought." It should further be noted that the amount of argon in atmospheric nitrogen, about 1 per cent., furnishes remarkable evidence that Cavendish's genius bore quantitative as well as qualitative fruit, in spite of the limited and limiting technique of practical chemistry in his day.

The brilliant achievement to which Mendeleeff pays such a merited tribute was shortly followed by equally interesting results. In 1868 Janssen, in Paris, had noticed a certain yellow line in the spectrum of the sun's chromosphere—a line which corresponded with no line in the spectrum of any terrestrial element then known. Frankland and Lockyer attributed this to a new element, which they named helium. This gas was shown in 1895, by Ramsay, to be present in the uncombined form, dissolved or "occluded," in certain uraniferous minerals. It resembled argon in its refusal to combine with any other element, and could therefore, like argon, only be characterized by such physical properties as density, spectrum, and boiling-point. The most remarkable thing about it was its extreme lightness, for it proved to be only twice as dense as hydrogen, the lightest of all the elements. Its atomic weight was shown to be only 4, taking hydrogen as 1, while lithium, a metal, came next as regards lightness of atom, its atomic weight being 7.

The discovery of these two "inert gases" led to a modification of the Periodic Classification. The arrangement of the elements in order of their atomic weight causes them to show a functional relation between their chemical properties and the relative weights of their atoms and to fall into definite groups. A new group had to be created; helium was put before lithium, and argon before potassium, although its atomic weight is slightly higher than that of potassium. The utmost refinements of modern chemical methods have not been successful in reducing the atomic weight of argon, yet its situation between chlorine (35.5) and potassium (39.1), in spite of its own atomic weight of 40, has been fully established. For consideration of the positions thus assigned to helium and argon in the periodic classification, and of their properties, led to the foretelling of three undiscovered inert gases, with atomic weights round about 20, 80, and 130. During the next three years Ramsay and his pupils isolated Neon (19.9), Krypton (81.8), and Xenon (128), justifying the belief in the periodic classification as one of the most vital generalizations in the whole of chemical theory, and paradoxically justifying at the same time the departure from this scientific "law" in the case of argon.

These new elements were obtained by means of liquid hydrogen in the manner already outlined. Their different boiling-points enabled the separation from argon, with which they occur in the air, only in far smaller quantities, to be made with a degree of accuracy well within the limits of experimental error arising in the determination of their physical constants. The availability of liquid air in considerable quantities was the essential condition precedent to the production of liquid hydrogen, and the liquefaction of air was itself the practical outcome not only of a large number of experimental results, but also of purely theoretical mathematical speculation. There is a perfectly logical connection between the Second Law of Thermodynamics and the discovery of the inert gases.

Indeed, there is in the case of these very gases another remarkable instance of this interdependence of empiricism and theory. The determination of the number of atoms in the molecule of an elementary gas, its atomicity, is in

general established by consideration of the results obtained from the analysis of a large number of the compounds of that element. This method clearly breaks down with the inert gases, which do not form chemical compounds. Theoretical considerations, however, show that the velocity of sound in a gas—which can be determined in a Kundt's tube with quite small quantities—bears a definite relation to certain thermal properties of the gas, and that these thermal properties in turn depend on the gas's atomicity. Ramsay showed, by measuring the velocity of sound in argon, that it must be monatomic, and similar results were obtained for the other gases of the group. Their atomic weights could then, and only then, be calculated from their atomicities and their densities.

Just as the discovery of argon and the other inert gases was the culminating point of a large number of apparently disconnected theories and investigations, so the knowledge gained by their study has contributed to the new science of radio-activity; the regularity of the appearance of helium amongst the disintegration products of radio-active change is fundamental in modern physico-chemical views of atomic structure.

When we consider how tenaciously the human mind clings to a belief in the material nature of substances, and how revolutionary a part many of the suggestions of modern physics and chemistry play in this quasi-philosophical field, we may recall for an instant that little refractory globule of gas which baffled all Cavendish's learning; we may reflect on the hundred and nine years that elapsed before his observation could be co-ordinated with the general body of scientific results; and we may, perhaps somewhat apprehensively, realize how the pricking of a very small bubble can, in the inexorable long run, lead to the bursting of a very large one.

A. L. B.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 10. King's College, 4.—"The Beginnings of Christian Art," Lecture I., Professor P. Dearnier.  
University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture I., Dr. E. G. Gardner.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Jil Vicentè and Portuguese Nationalism," Professor George Young.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture II. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos Economos.
- Mon. 13. King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture I., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Study of Palæography in the University of London," Mr. Hubert Hall.
- Tues. 14. Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Initiation Ceremonies of the Mambare and Kumusi Divisions, British New Guinea," Lieut. E. W. P. Chinnery.
- Wed. 15. King's College, 5.30.—"The Evolution of British Sea-Power under the Tudors," Mr. Geoffrey Callender.  
University College, 5.30.—"Judicial Law-Making," Sir John Macdonell.
- Thurs. 16. University College, 5.—"The Romance of Assyriological Research," Lecture II., Dr. T. G. Pinches.  
University College, 5.30.—Inaugural Lecture by Dr. P. Gey, Professor of Dutch Studies.  
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"Henry VII.'s Halfpence and Farthings," Mr. L. A. Lawrence; "A. Vitellius Imp. Germanicus," Mr. H. Mattingly.
- Fri. 17. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture II., Dr. E. G. Gardner.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Camoens and Portuguese Imperialism," Professor George Young.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture III. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos Economos.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

ANNALS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.  
By T. G. Bonney. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

THE Philosophical Club of the Royal Society owed its origin to the dissatisfaction felt by several of the younger and more able Fellows at the mere snobbishness which characterized the Royal Society in the early part of the nineteenth century. In 1847, when the Club was founded, the F.R.S. was almost valueless as a mark of scientific distinction. If a man came of good family and had collected a few sea-shells or butterflies he stood a very good chance of gaining a Fellowship. The Royal Society is not yet wholly free from reverence for exalted social position, but it is now certainly something more than a good club; the F.R.S. is, on the whole, one of the very few genuine honours that a man can gain in England. This desirable state of affairs is largely due to the part played by the Philosophical Club.

As the oldest surviving member Dr. Bonney was asked to give an account of the history and activities of these reformers. We can imagine that, to an old member, the task would seem well worth doing. He would vaguely remember a series of delightful evenings, the faces of a host of famous men would appear again to his reminiscent eye, he would feel again the tension of controversies now forgotten. Unfortunately it requires a literary artist to reproduce these things; Dr. Bonney has given us the minute-books. The personal touches are of that frigid, wholly unilluminating kind with which we are familiar: "regarded by his many friends as a man of real ability, who was no less gentle than firm, was a sincere Christian, and a most attractive companion."

When we come to the minutes we are still in the official atmosphere, but the actual subjects of discussion are usually interesting enough to give this part of the book the charm of an exceptionally well-chosen batch of press-cuttings. Many of the points raised at these meetings led to researches or were the outcome of researches now famous in all the text-books. The minutes constitute an informal history of fifty years of scientific discovery. Occasionally the entries are too brief to enable us to grasp the real significance of the subject under discussion. For instance: "Mr. Porter spoke of a cloth, the invention of Klaussen, and made half of sheep's wool, half of flax, some of which he was then wearing." Did this remark simply fall, as it were, into the void? Did the members merely gaze respectfully for a moment at Mr. Porter's clothing and then go on to something else? It is true that the next remark, by Dr. Hooker, stated that a museum was then being constructed at Kew for the exhibition of foreign products, but we are not clear whether this was related to Mr. Porter's clothing. It is possible that the disconnected air of these meetings is a result of Dr. Bonney's method. The nexus of casual remarks, interest, scepticism or what not is wholly absent from his record. Each member does his bit, without any reference to past or future, and then they all go home. It must have been more exciting than that. The solid value of the book lies, however, in its historical character. More than once a discovery of first-rate importance was made public for the first time at one of these informal gatherings. The very variety of the subjects dealt with, making the minutes rather hard to read, helps Dr. Bonney's important contention that the scientific men of those days had a wider range of interests than they have now. Specialization has been pushed so far that the specialists are now largely indifferent to any subjects but their own. Dr. Bonney's book is testimony to the fact that excellence in science was not always incompatible with general culture.

S.



## Fine Arts

### GREEK VASE-PAINTING

**A HANDBOOK OF GREEK VASE-PAINTING.** By Mary A. B. Herford, M.A. With Illustrations. (Manchester, University Press; London, Longmans. 9s. 6s. net.)

**P**OTTERY is the most lasting product of industry. It is almost indestructible. True that the pot is easily broken, but there lies the salvation of the material: it is no longer good for anything. Broken earthenware is worthless for man, insensitive to time and weather, incapable of chemical change. Add its quick, cheap and universal manufacture, and you have most of the reasons why ancient pottery is now the most useful instrument of archaeology. The archaeologist handles vases primarily as historical documents, looking for classification and chronology, natural development, effect and origin of foreign influence. His ordered series leads to the arrangement of other material. So much can be said even of the undecorated pot. But painted pottery claims attention on its own merits, for the interest of the pictures which it bears, or simply as a work of art. It is in its artistic aspect that Greek pottery must be presented to the "non-specialist readers" for whom Miss Herford has designed her book.

The book is short, yet more than a third of its pages is filled with general information about the potter and his craft, vase-shapes and use of vases. The historical section begins with a sketch of prehistoric pottery in Greece. This period would have been better omitted, for it is outside the limits of the title, the account is too short to be useful, and contains some misleading statements, as, for instance, that the Cretan Kamares were "rapidly made its way overseas"; that Cyprus "was never overpowered, even for a time, by Oriental or other outside influences"; and, in an earlier reference, that "magnificent Cretan and Mycenaean drinking cups of metal in animal form still exist."

Greek vase-painting properly begins with the Iron Age. The strange "Geometric" style reveals the shock of the new æsthetic impulse with which the last element of Hellenic culture entered Greece. The typical Attic variety, "Dipylon" Geometric, is described: "tall jars or mixing-bowls, covered over every inch of their surface with tapestry-like ornament composed altogether of geometrical motives," but is not illustrated in this form. Artistic interest grows with the Orientalizing wares, which had their origin in foreign trade and expansion about the eighth century B.C. These naturally appeared first in the seaport cities of the mainland and the Asiatic colonies. In the latter group many different fabrics can be distinguished, but their naming is still a controversial matter. So Miss Herford calls "Milesian" what is usually known as "Rhodian." The peculiar "Æolic" vases, gaily painted with red and white patterns on a black ground, are omitted altogether. It is a pity, too, not to have enlivened the dull catalogue of technical variations by quoting from a Danish excavator, Dr. K. F. Kinch, his ingenious and amusing explanation of the animal motives on vases which he found recently (1908) at Vroulià, in Rhodes. The vases are the ordinary Rhodian (or Milesian) jugs (not illustrated in Miss Herford's book), decorated with successive zones of animals; lions, goats, deer, geese—wild creatures faithfully portrayed in their natural surroundings of wood and mountain. The birds are usually on the shoulder of the jug, the animals on the body. Now the occasion upon which such different creatures are wont to meet is the evening watering; here at the foot of the vase is perhaps the water, indicated by stylized lotus-flowers. The scheme is shown better on the shallow bowls or dishes (Plate 5, *a*), where the rosette or group of flowers in the hollow centre is appropriately the pond. The surrounding bands have birds or heads of

animals enclosed in panels between groups of parallel "rays"—reed and papyrus thickets round the pond. Between the tapering stems a solitary goose here and there pushes its way, and the mild stare of deer reproaches the intruder. The treatment of Western Orientalizing wares, Protocorinthian and Corinthian, is curt. The one is faintly praised as "a rather distinguished fabric," the other damned outright for its commonplace abundance, "inundating alike ancient markets and modern museums." If only for their commonness, Corinthian pots and bottles should be illustrated. Protocorinthian is indeed the most distinguished fabric that the Greek potter produced, apart from its archaeological fame in the still unsolved problem of its origin. The delicacy and precision of its tiny figures bear comparison with fine gem-engraving. Our exquisite Macmillan Lekythos (Plate 1, *f*: in the British Museum) must be the smallest vase that has a name to itself, a rare distinction; and do we not make pilgrimage to Rome to see the Chigi Vase? Yet that amazing piece of craftsmanship is not mentioned.

Among Attic fabrics the author moves more safely. The black-figure style is well described and illustrated. With red-figure real difficulties of illustration arise. In the freedom given by the new method of painting, the splendour of the decorated vase is outshone by the beauty of the drawing. The illustration therefore must reproduce the picture, not the pot, and photography fails here for many reasons—the curved ground, lustrous surface, fractures, chips and scratches distort and interrupt the lines. The charges of skilled draughtsmen and subsequent cost of reproduction preclude the publication in this country of a satisfactory book on Attic vases. Moreover, the designs do not bear much reduction in size. Something essential is lost from the charm and strength of these pictures when any departure is made from the original. Their beauty seems to lie in the perfect adaptation of every element in vase and drawing, shape, colour, surface, line and feeling. It is a curious paradox that the pictures which give complete satisfaction are those that were painted while the art was still incomplete, in the archaic period. Pamphaios, Epictetos, Euphronios, Brygos and the rest, potters and painters whose signatures claim masterpieces of Greek art which we set beside the sculptures of the Parthenon for beauty, were forgotten almost before Pheidias was heard of. Rapid degeneration followed facility of drawing. Dignity and vigour were displaced by elegance and sentiment. Miss Herford shows knowledge and judgment in her account of the red-figure style. Her characterization is true and effective;

The athletes and revellers of the Panaitios painter, the satyrs and menads of the painter whose vases were made by Brygos, are ordinary men and women caught up into a transport of rhythmic energy . . . . And nowhere, at all events in fifth-century art, has the genial unconscious type of humour been better caught than in the hook-nosed old men of "Panaitios" vases, nor the self-conscious, and cynical than in the Brygos painter's half-gracious half-mocking maiden cup-bearers, with their fine disdainful nostrils and bold lips and narrow eyes.

There are two pretty pictures of the little Brygan girls, but we search in vain for an illustration of the hook-nosed humourists of the Panaitios Master. The only Panaitios figure, a fantastic satyr, is hardly typical. The last few pages dispose of the survival of the red-figure style in Italy, in the fourth century and later.

It cannot be said that the book makes good its claim, "to introduce non-specialist readers to Greek vase-painting as a whole." But the University student will accept it gladly as the book which contains the greatest quantity of up-to-date instruction in the smallest number of pages. It is too technical, not with the skill of the Potteries, but with archaeological erudition of the schools. A tiresome trick of the class-room is the pairing common English words with their Greek equivalents, and in one instance even



German—"scenes of merely 'standing there' (*Dastehen*)."  
These learned languages do not help the appreciation of works of art. Too much of the Potters' Quarter is another fault. The craftsman and society makes an excellent subject, but it is not within the scope of this book. The account of technical processes is surprisingly confident, for a subject which is treated largely by conjecture, and some of the conjectures are absurd—e.g. that the texture of the vase after the first firing was about as firm and tough as leather, or that vases were "baked" in an "oven," "pushed in and drawn out by some long instrument," like so many loaves of bread. Will not a real potter be persuaded to investigate ancient technique? A looseness of design permits technical notes to straggle outside their allotted pages. The illustrations are well printed from good photographs and drawings, but they are very small. The most valuable part of the book is that which the author has written from actual knowledge of the material, the Attic black- and red-figure styles. In the earlier periods insufficient experience is apparent, or perhaps a too credulous acceptance of what has previously been said. As a small point of accuracy it is worth remarking that the modern Greek words for white and black are written *ασπρος* and *μαύρος*, and not as quoted in the footnote on page 88.

E. J. F.

## EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Harold Gilman: Memorial Exhibition.—Modern Etchings.

MANSARD GALLERY.—Works by C. Lovat Fraser.

THE death of Harold Gilman is much lamented by the younger generation of artists because, although he belonged to an older school—the school which was intensely interested in *methods* of painting—he was so closely identified with the various groups of non-academic painting that the young men regarded him as one of themselves. He was, it must be admitted at once, without genius or generous inspiration; he had no invention and little imagination. But he had nevertheless qualities which made him a valuable member of the London Group and kindred organizations. He believed absolutely in the progress of modern art, and there was a moral strength, an unflinching conscientiousness in his work, which immediately exposed a faked or slipshod picture in the same room.

Nothing came easily to Gilman; even his faith was hard because he was eminently reasonable and always open to conviction. Hence he was inevitably influenced by successive creeds. Starting as a conventional painter, he responded in turn to the calls of the Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists, and the Neo-Impressionists. His mind worked slowly, and he only abandoned a principle after much deliberation, and then, we imagine, with regret. But though his progress lacked agility, it was steady and quite real, and it must have been a satisfaction to him at the end to know that his last pictures were his best.

By a curious irony, the first picture in the Memorial Exhibition now open at the Leicester Galleries is a portrait of the late Spencer Gore, an artist richly endowed with the qualities which Gilman lacked. Gore was not, and presumably would never have been, a force in art, but everything he painted had individuality and charm. He could trust himself to develop along the line of least resistance; he was not forced—as Gilman was—to achieve his results by dogged intellectual effort.

The portrait of Gore is one of two examples of Gilman's earlier work. The remaining exhibits are executed in the formula which he eventually evolved from his various sources of influence. The formula enabled him to achieve something which—though in fact little more than a manner of painting—has all the appearance of individual vision. The basis of his manner is the insistence on a uniform dry surface throughout the picture, forming a coarse texture into which the pattern is woven. To this end subtleties of form are discarded, and we get the same sacrifices to a medium that attract or repel us, according to our taste, in Victorian beaded

screens or woolwork. Colour is subjected to a similarly arbitrary treatment. Gilman translates everything into pretty blues and greens and purples, and suggests tone by weight of colour alone. This principle has been much experimented in by the school of Munich artists headed by Putz and Münzer, but Gilman surpasses them all by reason of his reserve sense of structure and his native thoroughness.

This thoroughness is exemplified by the several studies for his picture of "Halifax Harbour in War-Time" which was painted for the Canadian War Memorials and was one of the most successful of the exhibits at Burlington House. It is also seen in the "Interior" representing two girls seated at a tea-table in a large flower-papered room. This is a picture by which the artist might well be represented in one of our permanent collections; hung near a classical interior, it would have historical interest and could not fail to suggest instructive comparisons.

At the same Galleries there is on view a large collection of etchings presenting a bewildering variety of outlook. Here we can see side by side a dry-point by Helleu and a head study by Derain, rollicking plates by Zorn and classical compositions by Legros, an academic genre piece by Jacque and a depiction by Picasso in a dozen lines of an acrobat and his family. Manet is represented by his "Lola," "Le Torero Mort" and "Le buveur d'Absinthe," and Degas by a number of plates, including the delightful "Danseuses dans les coulisses," where the sensation of a *défilé* of dancers between the canvas "flats" is achieved without a single complete face or figure. This plate forms a link between the French nineteenth-century masters and the more recent schools, foreshadowing the conception of a picture as pre-eminently an organic entity absorbing the subject. The perspective of time makes Whistler's "The Forge" appear slight and rococo, but it enhances our appreciation of such plates as "Rotherhithe." In the field of pure etching Méryon's "L'Arche du pont Notre Dame" still holds its own against the excellent continuation of the tradition in D. Y. Cameron's "Waterloo Bridge," which bears the same relation to the prototype as Augustus John's early plates "Annie with a feathered hat" and "Girl smiling" bear to Rembrandt's small portrait etchings. In each case the modern masters demonstrate that they can be trusted to keep the sacred flame alive.

Designs for stage costumes drawn by an artist with a sense of gesture have a way of looking much more attractive than they are wont to do when executed. But those who saw "La Serva Padrona" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, will realize that Mr. Lovat Fraser's designs now on exhibition at the Mansard Gallery will be enhanced by translation into three dimensions and insertion in the scenes for which they are intended. The reason is that Mr. Fraser has the love of the flamboyant which is so valuable in theatrical decoration. His purples and vermilions retain their warmth against the icy glare of bright limelight, and he never loses himself in meticulous trimmings. But he has more than a mere *cabotin* sense of effect. He has a fine historical feeling, and he can play with a classical ornament and make it a new one without denying us the pleasure of associated ideas. Witness the fantastic variation of the capuchon in Rosalind's head-dress and the bold use of pattern in the other designs for the production of "As You Like It" which Mr. Nigel Playfair promises to present soon to Londoners. Mr. Fraser's exhibition includes models of several of the scenes for this production, and also a model of a "Street in Bath" for "The Rivals" which evokes eighteenth-century charm and dignity and has a commendably practical simplicity of structure.

R. H. W.

AN exhibition is to be held during November at the Walker Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. The large gallery will be devoted to the water-colours of Romilly Fedden. In the two smaller galleries there will be a collection of studies in black and white by well-known French and English painters, including Forain, Steinlen, Lucien Simon, D. Y. Cameron, George Clausen, Martin Hardie, Sir Frank Short and others.

AN exhibition of a complete collection of etchings by Augustus E. John, including a number of plates not previously published, will be opened at the Chenil Gallery, by the Town Hall, King's Road, Chelsea, on October 29. Etched impressions of drawings by Rodin will also be on view.

## Music

### A MUSICIAN'S BED-BOOK

A MUSICAL MOTLEY. By Ernest Newman. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE proper place for books made up from articles which have appeared in weekly and other papers is the bookshelf in the spare bedroom. The casual guest who likes to read in bed is the ideal reader for back numbers of this kind. The late Mr. Runciman's "Old Scores and New Readings" has brought down many people late, but happy, to my breakfast-table. Mr. Ernest Newman's "Musical Motley" shall have a place next to it. That very small public which reads serious books on music has for a long time regarded Mr. Newman as one of the most illuminating of musical writers. Recently he has become known to a wider circle, and his frank and courageous outlook, combined with his witty and vivacious style of expression, has probably secured him a large number of regular readers whose interest in music has hitherto been only superficial. But although the collection of papers contains many in which the musical reader must inevitably become conscious of a determined effort on the author's part to be amusing at all costs, there is hardly a single chapter which does not contain some vital point of really penetrating criticism.

Mr. Newman is a musician of the nineteenth century. This must not be taken to mean that he is an old-fashioned pedant who is out of touch with new developments. On the contrary, he is intensely interested in modern music and has no sentimental illusions about that of the past. Music is for him always a thing of the living present. For the days before Beethoven he does not appear to have very much sympathy. He once wrote a book about Gluck and the Opera which is a valuable and learned piece of solid research, but the interest of it lies more in the literary than in the purely musical aspects of the subject. In the nineteenth century he is completely at home. He is neither a Brahmsian nor a Wagnerite, but understands and appreciates justly all the cross-currents, both great and small, that contributed to the stream of music during the last hundred years. By temperament he seems to prefer to approach music more or less from the literary side, but he is never to be entrapped into a sentimental approach. It is this resolutely anti-sentimental view that has steeled his heart against the temptations of the folk-song party. He refuses, as it were, to "dress up" when he listens to music, either in a top-hat and bells or in lace ruffles and a powdered wig. He hears music from his critic's stall in a London concert-room, and by that one standard all styles are judged. On the whole, the result has made for broadmindedness rather than the opposite. Certain groups may complain that he has never entered into their peculiar spirit; but, on the other hand, he has never been a man of cliques and coteries, whether modernist or antiquarian.

The chapters on "Putting the Classics in their Place" illustrate his point of view very aptly:

The great test of the critic is supposed to be his scent for the right and the wrong thing in new music. I should say that a greater test is his scent for the real or the sham thing in the old music. It is really less difficult to see a modern composer as he really is than to see a classic as he really is; the classic comes to us in such a cloud of transmitted adoration that none of us, do what we will, can turn the same critical searchlight upon him that we do upon Strauss or Debussy.

And again later:

Against the moderns we are too much inclined to count only their misses; for the classics we count only their hits . . . . The classics are old, and we instinctively extend to them the kindly tolerance we always extend to the failings of age.

Most interesting therefore is Mr. Newman's criticism of J. S. Bach, whom he compares with Richard Strauss.

Both represent, he says, "the accumulated sentimentality of a tradition run to seed." It is very shocking to hear Bach credited with "a nauseous mixture of religiosity and sensuality," and the morbidity of his religious music ascribed to "dark and damp houses, bad teeth and bad cooking," but it is not far from the truth to say that

There has never been a greater pessimist in music than Bach—never anyone who so fondly dwelt upon suffering and death, and deliberately sought out occasions to do so.

Here Mr. Newman contrasts Bach with Tchaikovsky, and might also, if he were not so purely a man of the nineteenth century, have contrasted him with Mozart, who, like Tchaikovsky, was not a pessimist, but "simply a man with intervals of neurasthenia." Such criticism as this might be provoking and no more, if it were not for Mr. Newman's power of analysing the "causative factors," which, as he says, are the same both in Bach and in Strauss, namely,

a huge fund of transmitted rather than personal emotion, that the artist, equipped with a transmitted technique that is the perfect correlation of the transmitted emotion, can manipulate with perfect ease.

A musical critic, says Mr. Newman elsewhere, is like Mme Humbert's safe: so long as people are not allowed to look inside it, there is no limit to the riches they will believe it to contain. Those who look into Mr. Newman's "Musical Motley" may find it rather full of fluent talk; but it includes also, for those who will read him carefully, a great many valuable ideas, to the possible discussion of which, at any rate, there is no limit.

EDWARD J. DENT.

## CONCERTS

At the Promenade Concerts last week almost the only novelty was "Pat Malone's Wake," for pianoforte and orchestra, by Mme. Poldowski, who played the solo part herself in dashing style. It rather suggested a mixture of "Africa" and the "Danse Macabre" in conception, the main differences being that Mme. Poldowski happens to have pitched upon Ireland for some local colour, and that her handling both of the musical material and of its orchestration is clumsy and crude.

MR. MARK HAMBOURG was once a fine pianist, but a long course of playing popular favourites to uncritical audiences has made him indifferent to interpretation and positively careless in execution. He played one piece on Saturday last with sincerity and conviction, Malipiero's "Barlumi." Like other works of Malipiero's, it strains after a new technique to express aspects of nature that are foreign even to modern schools of composition. But it aims much higher than mere description. There is no doubt about its spiritual emotion, and some day no doubt the composer will find the art of making his inspiration clear. Mr. Hambourg covered its wide range of passionate feeling without ever allowing it to degenerate into sensationalism. It is a pity that he will not take Chopin, or at least his own audience, however indiscriminating, equally seriously.

## NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. NOVELLO send two Shakespeare songs by Benjamin Dale which show that he has been studying the free rhythms of Elizabethan music. "O Mistress mine" is rather self-consciously antique in manner; "Come away, Death," has dignity and feeling. The portly gait of its melody and the prominent viola obbligato rather suggest that it was composed for Sir Toby to sing to the accompaniment of Sir Andrew's viol-de-gamboys. Another set of four Shakespeare songs by Reginald Seggall have a certain agreeable simplicity which just avoids the commonplace. A few other songs and a batch of part-songs and anthems sent by the same firm merely follow the customary rut. Messrs. Novello also send the scores of Elgar's new Quartet and Quintet, and pianoforte arrangements (solo and duet) of Edward German's "Theme and Six Diversions."

## Drama

## TOLSTOY AT THE ST. JAMES'S

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*Reparation*. By Count Tolstoy.

**T**OLSTOY does not suffer by being presented in fragments—indeed it is a form in which he usually presents himself; and so, though the ten scenes of "*Reparation*" do not make a very good play, they make a most impressive evening, and everyone should go and see them. The Tolstoy who hates officials, or who mistrusts sex, or who loves fecklessness, or who cannot keep away from smart society, turns his various sides to us on a stage for a couple of hours, and leaves us as uncertain as ever what he is at heart or whether he has a heart, but as certain as ever that he is one of the greatest writers in the world. His greatness—to put it pedantically—resides in the fact that he is interested in men. Whether he likes men is doubtful, despite his loud protestations, but his interest in them never ceases, and implies an omnipotence such as he would ascribe to God. When a Tolstoy character disappears from the pages of a book or from the boards of a stage, he does not shrivel up, he is not laid aside. The vitality of the master pursues him, and insists that he shall continue to have experiences quite as intensely when he isn't on show as when he is. It is possible to criticize the various sides, the fragments, of Tolstoy, but his interest in men is really beyond criticism because it is infinite and eternal and does suggest, as far as extent and duration go, a Deity's. The most memorable example of it comes at the end of "*War and Peace*" where he recalls the chief characters after an interval of many years and shows us how Natasha and others whom once we loved are beginning to grow old. And even in this brief sketch we have the same sense of power, and know that he has seen round and through his creations and could deal with any conceivable combination of them.

When the curtain rose a clever but limited actress (Miss Agnes Thomas) began doing her little bit as a shrew. It was amusing to note how Tolstoy would have none of Miss Thomas and how promptly the play soared out of her grasp. Her methods were cut and dried, but the play intended to be about life. Its main character was a "*Living Corpse*," as the original has it—a wastrel, Fedya, who has deserted his wife and who prevents her marrying again so long as he remains alive. Mr. Henry Ainley took the part of Fedya. Acting for Mr. Ainley is not a display of accomplishments; he is conscientious and sensitive, and Tolstoy evidently accepted him, and all the scenes in which he appeared seemed real. Miss Athene Seyler, who acted the wife, has not Mr. Ainley's experience, but she worked in the same fine spirit, and while she was on the stage one again felt that the relations of any two people over any point were important—the genuine Tolstoy feeling. The interview between her and her future mother-in-law (Miss Marion Terry) furnishes an interesting illustration. The interview is not vital to the play, yet while it was in process nothing else mattered and one learned with the utmost relief that the two women were going to be friends. "We will love one another and God will help us to find what we want," said Miss Terry, and her gentle, beautiful voice seemed to have solved all the troubles of the world. But the solution only lasted as long as Tolstoy wished it to last. Soon he gave up his piety and turned another of his sides to us: Fedya was attempting suicide and nothing mattered but the pistol. The two nice women were still real, but they were off the stage, and only while we could see them was their solution impressive. So is it in actual life, where the opinions of people are apt to recede from us with their bodies, and sometimes to disappear as completely. To realize humanity is one thing: to find out the truth is another.

Tolstoy tells us much about the truth, to be sure, but unfortunately he now speaks in fragments, and one had, while watching "*Reparation*," the same shocks that occur in even the greatest of his works. Amazing was the presentation of humanity, but while one watched it with parted lips, something was popped between them—possibly a sweet, possibly a pill—one could not be sure, it had arrived so suddenly. Very early on I received what is to me always a pill—Tolstoy's attitude towards sex; a pernickety attitude, as some of us think, and more characteristic of an exhausted roué than of a saint. Fedya has wrecked his married life, taken to drink, misappropriated money; but live with a woman who is not his wife? Never! He loves a gipsy and she loves him. But never! He desires to release his poor wife by divorce, but it can only be obtained if he is unfaithful. So never! Or if he pretends he is unfaithful. . . . Never, not even that. Suicide is preferable. Not having the power to kill himself he disappears, and is discovered years afterwards, so that his wife, now a bigamist, is in danger of Siberia. Yet even now it is impressed on us that he has never lived with another woman. Such behaviour is in accord with Fedya's character, because, being a creation of Tolstoy's, he is always alive. But it is almost too much in accordance with the character of Tolstoy.

Or take another item, and one that happens in my own case to taste sweet—the inevitable trouncing of the Tolstoyan official. However much one hates officials, one must admit that Tolstoy hates them too often. He can scarcely write anything without an attack. Here his victim is that boon to Continental literature, an Examining Magistrate. Sorrowfully does the Magistrate fare. He bullies and patronizes the richer characters, but when Fedya enters in rags he is unexpectedly tongue-tied and attends to a long diatribe against himself and society. The situation is thrilling because it is in Tolstoy. But the sentiment may be questioned, and certainly Tolstoy does not point the moral which, from the purely social aspect, is the obvious one: that the Russian laws need revision, and that if they permitted Divorce by mutual consent none of this misery would have occurred.

Finally, and most important, there is the eulogy of fecklessness. We have to swallow this also. To make long speeches in an old frock-coat that has slit under the arm-pits—long speeches to which no one attends: is this really God's Kingdom on Earth? Tolstoy requires us to think so, and we submit, though not without qualms, for the actor to whom the eulogy was entrusted (Mr. Claud Rains) did not seem to think so himself, and wore a distinctly worried look as he declaimed his gospel or tossed to Fedya the pistol with which Fedya made his second attempt to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. "How good it is to die!" said the suicide, and, perversely enough, I wondered for the first time whether it was. The spell of the master weakened a little in that final tableau when the various characters were grouped round Mr. Ainley, and one remembered that besides knowing everything about men he was also a man.

Many other points in the performance deserve notice: one would like to say more about Miss Seyler's fine acting, for instance; and the scenery—it is from the designs that were used in the Art Theatre, Moscow. But Tolstoy so dominates any Tolstoyan performance that one cannot get away from him, and while one is with him all others seem worthless.

P.

[THE INCORPORATED STAGE SOCIETY announce that Mr. Herbert Trench's play, "*Napoleon*," will be produced by Norman Page in a setting designed by Norman Wilkinson at the Queen's Theatre on the 19th and 20th inst., Sunday evening and Monday afternoon.



## Correspondence

## LAFORGUE'S "HAMLET"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I point out that T. S. E., who reviews J. M. Robertson's "Problem of 'Hamlet'" in THE ATHENÆUM for September 26, (p. 940), is mistaken in saying that Laforgue's Hamlet is an adolescent? For the fact of his age (he is thirty) see "Moralités Légendaires," p. 42 (Œuvres Complètes de Jules Laforgue. Sixième édition. Paris, Mercure de France, 1913). As he wanders about Elsinore with that so well-bred slouching walk of his, the corners of his mouth now drooping, now arched with an urchin's irresistible grin, Hamlet, personnage étrange, steps ever and anon from the picture to focus it, himself included, from an acute angle of humour not credibly to be attained by an adolescent.

Yours truly,

F. W. STOKOE.

## A TRANSLATION OF RUFINUS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 1st of August last you give three or four admirable translations from the Greek Anthology by the lamented P. H. C. Allen, who was killed in France in 1915. One of these was Rufinus's "Love and Wine."

May I bring to your attention another rendering (not published) by another soldier who died in France—Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, a graduate of the University of Toronto and a Professor in McGill?

Ὁπλισμαὶ πρὸς ἔρωτα περὶ στέρνοισι λογιζμὸν  
 Ὅνδ' ἐμὲ νικήσει, μόνος ἔων πρὸς ἕνα  
 Θνατὸς δ' ἀθανάτῳ συντήρησμαι ἢ δὲ βορβόρῳ  
 Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δὴ ἐγὼ δύναμαι;

Me, a mortal, single-handed,  
 Love immortal can't subdue;  
 But the God with Bacchus banded  
 Cuts my breastplate Reason through.

It is not a literal translation, rather a rendering, but, as Goldwin Smith said in the Preface to his "Bay Leaves": "The translations are free, and it is hardly possible that anything but a free translation can be an equivalent for the poetry of the original. A literal translation, as a rule, can only be a fetter-dance. The general thought, the tone, and choice expressions are all that a translator can usually hope to reproduce."

Judged by this standard, I know of no reproduction of Rufinus's gem "done into English so divinely well."

Yours sincerely,

Toronto.

J. H. CAMERON.

## DEATH-MASKS, ETC.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Of course, if H. M. (ATHENÆUM, Sept. 5, p. 855) makes "intuition" the scientific test of authenticity, and "angelic revelation" the only acceptable evidence against an unknown plaster-cast, not even proved to be ancient (which cast was first discovered in a German rag-shop—which there is no reason to assume was ever in England, and around which a tissue of mendacity has been proved to have been woven), there is nothing more to be said. If such a *Credo* is the base rock of H. M.'s other statements we know in what spirit to accept them. His good faith, of course, is not impugned; but we are reminded of Douglas Jerrold's reply to one who had accosted him with "Mr. Harvey, I believe?"—"If you believe that, you'll believe anything."

As to William Page the sculptor ("dear old Page" and "poor old Page," as he was affectionately called by friends who were sorry for him), his "book" on Shakespeare's bust, which H. M. invokes, is a poor little 32mo full of *parti pris*. It is true that he excused the length of the upper lip of the Stratford bust as being the result of an accident. I, as well as professional sculptors, have also carefully examined the upper lip, and absolutely deny the assertion. Moreover, if it were indeed "the result of an accident," the only difference would be that the lip would be proved to have been longer.

As to the measurements, I have myself most carefully taken

numerous measurements of the Bust, and while I find that certain, but only certain, of them coincide with those quoted of the Mask, *the forms are different*, as when the lineal measurement of a circle's contour "coincides" with that of an oval. But no identical comparative measurement will give coincidence, other than arithmetical, between the receding and the upright frontal bone of a skull. The most essential measurements of the two objects do not coincide—a fact which, not being "angelic," must not be expected to appeal to H. M. and others who think like him. "Nature never repeats her moulds," says he—quoting, if I remember aright, from Page's ill-conceived pages. Does she not? Faces—those of twins, for example, and others too—have often been indistinguishable. History and literature record many such resemblances; but this is by the way—for the subject of this correspondence does not rightly admit of the consideration. Compare closely the mask plaster-cast and the Stratford bust, both front-face and in profile, and unless you suffer from visual defect you will wonder at any belief in their analogy. If you look upon the astonishing bust of Shakespeare which Page produced as a result of his study, and which he advertised in his "book," you will wonder still more at his being invoked as a witness at all.

If "the coincidences are too numerous to admit of reasonable doubt of its identity . . ." the divergencies are still more numerous, and too fundamental besides to admit of acceptance for a single moment. H. M. may be sound, from the medium's point of view, on spiritualistic phenomena, as well as on astrology, and on the "providential" placing in a German rag-shop of a death-mask, which the former owner's "factor," or major-domo, hinted was made, among others, by his master; but as an authority on the facts of portraiture, and on the selection of credible witnesses (including the witness of the foreign, probably Italian, gentleman of the "Chandos Portrait" of Shakespeare), he is scarcely a guide on whom it is safe to rely. His attempt to throw upon the world the onus of proving that the mask is *not* the mask of Shakespeare is pleasant, and bold enough; but he tells us with pride that he is superstitious. Superstition is well enough in its way; but scientific inquirers have always insisted that something more is needed to establish fact and proof on a solid basis.

So let us leave it at that.

Your obedient servant,

M. H. S.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

## THE NEW TYPE OF STUDIO

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The writer of the paragraphs under this title in your issue for September 26 (p. 954) speaks more, perhaps, as the scribes than as one having authority. Surely the time-honoured studio with a north light owes its reputation to the fact that it obviates direct sunlight. A southern aspect is all but impossible because of the blaze which so embarrasses the eyes that all sense of key in colour and tone is lost. When the rays come and go the conditions are even worse. Sunblinds only involve the further complication of diffusion. A western or eastern aspect brings changes as the day advances. The north light is the least variable, and is coveted on that account; but its clearness is nothing in its favour. It is cold rather than clear, and what artist would not prefer the glory of the warm light if only it were free from the conditions stated above?

Your contributor's third paragraph is exactly true, and probably every genuine artist would endorse it.

Yours truly,

F. C. TILNEY.

Walden, Cheam, Surrey.

## SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest a possible explanation of *umpleen*? I believe that the word *arms* occurring at the end of several military commands, e.g., *slope, present, ground arms, &c.*, often becomes, in the mouth of drill-sergeants, something like *umps*. May not *ump* have arisen from this and been added to *teen* to indicate an indefinite, indistinct number?

Yours faithfully,

HENRY ALEXANDER.

Upsala, Sweden.

## Foreign Literature

### LETTERS FROM ITALY

#### IV. THE LATEST D'ANNUNZIO.

THE latest D'Annunzio—the poet of the war—is not a novelty when compared with the pre-war D'Annunzio. The war has merely proved a favourable opportunity for bringing to light what had long been hatching in D'Annunzio's mind. As a historical motive, quite apart from the lyrical inspiration of the individual, we must give due weight to the Italian tradition of the prophet-poets, who flourished in such numbers from the days of the Risorgimento to our own times, dedicating their gifts, which varied greatly in quality, to the service of their patriotic ideals. The last great prophet-poet, Carducci, whose political passion reflects the calm it acquired from his artistic vision, has exercised a strong fascination over contemporary artists. They have long envied him his rank as a patriotic poet possessing the power of interpreting the historical consciousness of his country and of fertilizing it with his lyrics.

On Carducci's death there was no lack of attempts to enter upon this coveted heritage. Pascoli tried, as did the pre-war D'Annunzio; but their inspiration, differing widely in character, ended by falsifying the patriotic themes which it sought to handle, and which were altogether beyond their reach. They both produced works of lifeless erudition, of strained allegory, instead of the simple freshness of the epic they sought to fashion from the historical narratives of our Risorgimento.

The war gave D'Annunzio the chance of renewing his virginity and assuming once more the part of prophet, either because the very exquisiteness of his sensibility enabled him to draw a reviving inspiration and an overflowing richness of impressions from its very novelty, or because the highly excited state of popular feeling created the atmosphere of sympathy and of stirring unity of purpose which he finds indispensable for the fulfilment of his task.

But there is a more intimate and spiritual cause at work in the formation of the latest D'Annunzio, a cause not originating in events which are largely external, but in the evolution of his own mind. Even before the war D'Annunzio was tending towards a form of Christian mysticism that was nothing more than an exaggeration of the sensibility which in all his earlier work had been straining to create superhuman experiences and intuitions of life. All the supermen who had failed in his novels and plays were merged in this mysticism, bringing with them that very dissatisfaction with themselves which had in the past separated them into distinct existences, when they were in reality but a single personality straining spasmodically after empty space, their efforts proving equally vain in all the different situations in which they displayed them. The superman was at last content to abandon his transcendental ideals. He turned round upon himself, asking from religious experience what other forms of life had been unable to give him.

D'Annunzio's religiousness as it appears, for instance, in his "San Sebastiano," is, however, a false religiousness, just as the D'Annunzian superman is a false man. It is the product of an irritated sensibility, not of a real spiritual intimacy. So true is this that he fails to assimilate the central act of the complex religious life, the simple, direct act of communion with the divinity. Instead of this he lays hands on the external, one might almost say on the choreographic elements of the formulas and rites that work upon the feelings, trying to draw from them that mystical and spiritual communion which

lies altogether outside them. The war found D'Annunzio in the laborious period of the gestation of his mysticism. He welcomed it as his mind was prepared to welcome it, as a symbolical act, a mystic form of expiation. All the learning which he had been slowly accumulating about Christian rites and practices suddenly went off, discharging itself upon the war, which became to him a long allegory, a kind of apocalyptic or Messianic ideality. And this new Father of the Church, being far more of a pedant than the old ones, laboriously worked out a minute comparison between the single concrete actions which constitute the war and the ideal anticipations of them which he had managed to disinter from the Old and the New Testament.

D'Annunzio's principal writings during the war are: "La Leda senza Cigno" (3 vols., Milan, 1916); "Per la più grande Italia" (Milan, 1918); "La Beffa di Buccari" (Milan, 1918); "La Riscossa" (published by the Sottosegretariato per la Stampa), 1918; "Cantico per l'Ottava della Vittoria" (1918). All except the first and the last are collections of articles and lectures previously published.

Before giving an account of these writings from a literary point of view, I feel that I must be allowed to draw a necessary distinction. The D'Annunzio who reveals himself here as a poet and man of letters is in my opinion a weak and feeble artistic personality, very different from the one revealed in the "Laudi" and in a thousand wonderful pages scattered through his rich earlier productions. But I do not mean to suggest for a moment that the D'Annunzio whom we have learned to know during the war deserves such a judgment as this. The citizen who hurried back to his country in the hour of gravest crisis, who fired men's minds to a war of liberation and a victorious resistance, who took his share of the glorious work and its dangers with the enthusiasm of a young man, is unquestionably a great citizen, even though his writings fall below his actions.

"La Leda senza Cigno" is the first of his war books. To speak more precisely, it consists of two parts, the one written before the war, the other during the first two years of it. The first is a lascivious short story ("Aspects of the Unknown"); the second is a kind of chronicle of the war in France and Italy. The printing of the two works in the same book, though in no way justified by the character of the contents, is nevertheless justified by the continuity of the inspiration. This is how the D'Annunzio of the story expresses himself: "I felt that no devices of my mind could prevail against this creature, whom the divine, as in the myth, could only approach in the shape of an animal." The same D'Annunzio, in describing the slaughter of the war, describes the divine aspect of the sacrifice in an animal form as follows: "At every instant the creatures are brought level with the earth, which drinks of their raging blood before swallowing them and converting them into her impassive fertility." The artist carves with cold precision what his greedy sensibility offers him. At this time D'Annunzio finds in war only the great adventure, the "stupendous novelty," the sight of which breathes new vigour into his senses; the realization of the supreme heroism, which had been an empty dream in the earlier incarnations. He accepts without question the prevailing democratic ideals of the war, because all this means for him merely a blare of trumpets suited to the ears of the many-headed vulgar. In his mind there is no room for humanitarianism, for a championing of right against might. It is might rather than right that inspires him. He would have been even more ready to sing the deeds of the barbarians, had we chanced to deserve that name, than those of the defenders of the right. But there are noble and powerful pages in "La Leda senza Cigno." In this book

D'Annunzio has not yet grown rigid in his apocalyptic mysticism. He describes the war as it appears to his senses, as it is transfigured by his imagination in his lyrical gifts. The descriptions of scenery have all the magic that informed the most beautiful pages of his earlier work.

But this interest cools in his other war books. A stilted hieratic tone takes the place of the free play of the senses in their search for novelty. In "La Leda" this novelty already begins to appear to him, as he tells us, in the form of an annunciation.

And behold, the Comforter descends upon him in the speech "La Sagra dei Mille" (in the volume "Per la più grande Italia"). He turns to the old Garibaldini, in whom he sees the disciples of Jesus, and says to them: "He was a man, a man among men. And you saw him, most blessed among old men. Veronica sees Christ in His passion. His true image is impressed on your minds, as was the face of the Saviour on the napkin."

This is how he addresses the young men, to fire them with enthusiasm for the war that is preparing: "Blessed are they who have more, for they can give more and burn with a greater fire. Blessed are they who have but a score of years, who have a pure mind, a temperate body, a high-spirited mother. . . ." And so on, through the interminable scale of the beatitudes.

This pose becomes nauseating in its unending repetitions. Are we talking of the Piave? Its water is for us the water of life, bringing regeneration like the water of baptism. Of the distribution of flags? The Godhead was present, as at the distribution of the Eucharist. Of the eleven victories of the Isonzo and of the Caporetto betrayal? The country has felt the sorrow of the exalted Victim who sat among His own people at the last supper. "The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me." Yet there were faithful men with the Master. Were not Italy's eleven victories with her? The twelfth was the dark one, the one that delivered her into the hands of the enemy. Does our country call her sons to the sacrifice? She says to them: "Take from my hand this cup filled with the wine of my passion." And the blood spills over from the cup that has no edge. "This is my blood; drink of it, all of you." For the recruits of the 1900 class D'Annunzio can only produce a hideous parody of the Lord's Prayer: "O dead, ye who are on earth, as in heaven, hallowed be your names, may the kingdom of your spirit come, your will be done on earth as in heaven; give the daily bread to our faith, keep our holy hatred burning within us," etc., etc. (All these quotations are from the volume "La Riscossa.") In "La Beffa di Buccari" the figure of Jesus is no longer represented by Garibaldi or by Italy, but by D'Annunzio in person. In the act of anointing his feet before going on board for the expedition he feels that he is renewing the Gospel rite, and he selects a pot of ointment that has been touched by a friend killed in the war, thus violating in his Barocco style both the text and the spirit of the sublime rite of the Magdalen.

There are occasional flashes of the old D'Annunzio, as, for instance, when he describes the war as a lyrical event, an enthusiastic outburst of the will to create; or in the vivid account of the jest of the Buccari expedition. But they are spasmodic flashes that are instantly quenched in the dead sea of sham mysticism. And when at last D'Annunzio endeavoured to recover himself and attempt once again the full lyrical ode of the "Laudi," in the "Cantico per l'Ottava della Vittoria," it was clear that he had altogether forgotten his better self. The result is confused and ugly, abounding in lifeless learning. At one point he feels compelled to ask:

O vita, o morte. Il mio canto vien di sotterra, o spira  
nel mio petto? Son io servo dell' inno senza lira  
o son io signore del fato?

We have every reason for answering that his song comes from underground and that the author is the slave of the hymn that knows not the lyre. The cycle of the poet D'Annunzio is closed and belongs to history. To-day the surviving D'Annunzio can only ask of his Father Apollo in the Gospel language that is so familiar to him: "Father, Father, why hast thou forsaken me?"

GUIDO DE RUGGIERO.

## HUMANIST, ARTIST, AND SCIENTIST

LA PENSÉE ITALIENNE AU XVII<sup>ME</sup> SIÈCLE ET LE COURANT LIBERTIN.  
Par J. Roger Charbonnel. (Paris, Champion. 15fr.)

L'ETHIQUE DE GIORDANO BRUNO ET LE DEUXIÈME DIALOGUE DU  
SPACCIO. Traduction avec notes et commentaire. (Same  
author and publisher. 12fr.)

**M.** CHARBONNEL'S two volumes on the sixteenth century comprehend some 1,100 pages of large and small type; the learning, the apparent, the probable and the possible reading involved is overwhelming; and it cannot be supposed that the author has left much unsearched or unsaid in his subject of scholarship. To judge from the passages resuming the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, he is possessed of the French facility of generalized exposition, and the books are very readable for what they are; but even to read this digest of years of reading is a task of no common labour. So the first question that assails the reader, or more modestly the spectator, of these books, is whether the labour is worth while: not whether it was worth while for the author to write them, or worth while, abstractly, that they should be written, but whether it is worth while to read them, and as sustenance for what interest.

The question becomes more insistent when we discover that almost the only name of permanent and general importance in the books is that of Machiavelli. Of all these philosophers, there is not one whom the contemporary philosopher will find necessary for his equipment. The contemporary philosopher, indeed, finds trouble enough if he will understand Plato, Aristotle and Plotinus, and a dozen other worthies from Descartes onward; and he does well if he does not somewhere in his work display an ignominious ignorance or misunderstanding of some capital point in the philosophy of one of these. The philosopher, in short, has no time for Bruno or Pomponazzi. The historian, or the student of literature, on the other hand, will shrink from the apparently needless infliction of fantastic cosmologies. But even if disdained by all of these, the study of sixteenth-century philosophy has importance for anyone who is interested in the history of the European mind; a quite different thing from the biography of all of the interesting minds in European history. The one mind which epitomizes all or nearly all that is best in these forgotten speculations, so far as one mind can do it, is the mind of Montaigne; but Montaigne is so much himself, and also so representative of some permanent attitude of the human spirit, that we overlook, in reading him, the extent to which he is representative of his time, of the tone and of the conclusions of sixteenth-century thought. And the sixteenth century was a chaotic period, which apparently has little to show for itself, but was doing the work that made the seventeenth century possible.

Why the sixteenth century, which produced such ebullient thinking, produced so little philosophy of permanent value, remains to be defined. In the seventeenth there are Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Descartes, Pascal, Malebranche, Spinoza, to say nothing of the heavy-weight theologians. With the exception of Spinoza



these men were perhaps not more gifted than their predecessors. Pomponazzi and Bruno and Vanini threw out as many suggestions; Pietro Zabarella, the greatest of all Aristotelian commentators, was at least their equal in subtlety and profundity. But there was some advantage of the time which lay with the man of the seventeenth. The world had shaken down into a kind of order: theology whisked off to its own libraries and cloisters, and art and science emerged.

The sixteenth century is a period of restless and apparently futile activity. It is a period of remarkable men, of men of vast influence, of men above mediocrity. But the men were not men of single inspiration. The pure scientist had hardly appeared, had hardly made his influence felt. For pure art, there were too many distractions. For the philosopher, there was every distraction. There was too much and too heterogeneous reading available: neo-platonic universes which combined only too well with abracadabric superstitions; cabalistic studies which were only fomented by genuinely scientific yearnings. Further, the philosopher was often distracted by the desire to give Platonic literary form to his writings. He was readily attacked, in that excited age, by the lust of universal knowledge. He lived a public or an adventurous life. His philosophical researches led him into theological difficulties, and the theological skill almost forced upon him for self-preservation dispersed his attention. Thus he was often boastful, conceited, polemical, and as like as not half a quack. He would confound all the frontiers of philosophy, theology, literature, science, and magic.

Yet the strange personages which parade through M. Charbonnel's pages performed two great services. They kept alive the disposition toward pure science which made the world a more tolerable place for scientists than it was for Copernicus and Galileo; and they maintained a flow of free thought against the opposition, not only of Rome, but of the other established sects as well; against Lutherans and Calvinists. Though they indulged in the oddest superstitions, their superstitions were not of custom—superstitions in the exact sense of the word, but rather wild scientific hypotheses. And though their metaphysical systems are often a mere gallimaufry of Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus and the mediæval mystics and occultists, they kept a place open for new, individual and personal thought. They were, on the whole, for the individual against the mob. Their varied and variegated thought was capable of no other synthesis than it found in the apparently formless and disconnected, but subtly unified essays of Montaigne.

From this turmoil of ideas on the Continent, Aristotelian, Platonic, neo-Platonic, Epicurean, Stoic, Averroistic, occultist, semi-scientific, England was more or less free. Giordano Bruno went to London and complained of the mud and of the bargemen; went to Oxford and complained of the manners of the dons; England went on as it was. England reaped the advantage of humanism, in Florio's translation and in other ways, without having undergone the confusion. England was saved by its indifference to ideas, and by the underlying indifference to theological differences, and a queen and a government who felt little zeal for religious politics. The humanistic type is represented by the mediocrity of a Bacon, but the type is not dominant. The literary artist flourished, and in later generations, after humanism was over, England produced Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley and Newton: in fact, was able to dominate the philosophy and science of Europe through the greater part of the eighteenth century.

The sixteenth century is humanistic, rather than artistic or scientific; the seventeenth century gave art and science; the eighteenth repeats in its way the confusion of the

sixteenth, but its typical man would be called not humanist but journalist. They are both, that is to say, periods of transition; nor is the transition ended at the nineteenth century, for in Renan we have a person who is not exactly either artist or scientist in his rôle. The humanist is an educator, a "publicist"; often a greater influence than either artist or scientist, and often more fascinating to the historian than either. Such a man was Bruno. He is a diverting figure: nomadic, overbearing, daring, infinitely conceited, not altogether a noble character, but with some odd sense of a "mission" which makes him cling tenaciously to his ideas at the torture, where a great scientist recanted. It is difficult, at first sight, to understand why ideas in appearance very similar should be historical curiosities in a Bruno and important creations in a Spinoza or Leibnitz. But the vital principle in an idea is the amount of one man's brain condensed into that idea—is in concentration, not dispersion. That is the difference between an *intuition* and a guess thrown out. The humanist has personality; often, we might think, more than the scientist or artist. But the humanist's personality throws out the idea, centrifugal, without so much entering into it. So with Bruno; his personality is in his biography. In the man of scientific or artistic temper the personality is distilled into the work, it loses its accidents, it becomes, as with Montaigne, a permanent point of view, a phase in the history of mind. Looked at in this way, and without attenuating his enormous importance, the humanist does not count, is not "serious." Now, the presence that, a little later than Bruno, rose so strangely beside the waters of the Zuyder Zee, is symbolical of all that in the ways of the sixteenth century the humanist was not. *Omnia præclara tam difficilia quam rara sunt.*

T. S. E.

LA JEUNE FILLE AUX JONES ROSES. Par François Porché. (Paris, Emile-Paul. 4fr. 55.)—M. Porché's play is so aerially light and pretty that one dares not approach it too nearly, for fear that the breath of criticism might burst it like a bubble, dissipate its charm to nothingness. The Girl with Pink Cheeks is a rarefied Mademoiselle de Maupin, purged of her less maidenly and distinctively Maupinesque qualities, who rides out on camel-back and in male costume to see the world. She rides so far and so well that she comes, at the end of eighteen months' journeying, to an allegorical country where the faces of the inhabitants are grey, and Dilly and Dally of the cartoons reign supreme over a numbered and regimented people. Miss Pink-Cheeks falls in love romantically and on hearsay with the prince of this bureaucratic country, who lives in a windowless palace, surrounded by books and pedants and functionaries. The heroine introduces herself, in the guise of a young scholar, into the palace, and succeeds, in contravention of all the traditions, in luring the prince into the open air, and takes him for a walk in his own palace gardens. Her squire, meanwhile, has broken into the long-closed cellars of the castle, purloined a dozen of the fruitiest, and made himself the apostle of wine, gaiety and good-fellowship among the prince's attendants. The justly indignant bureaucracy rouses itself to action; Pink-Cheeks and her man are condemned and brought to the foot of the scaffold, when a wine-inspired revolution frees them and expels the tyrants; and the fifth act closes on the dawn of a new Saturnian age, when the prince will be married to the heroine, grey faces will turn pink, and red tape and pedagogues shall be no more.

It is all very pretty and very agreeable. M. Porché's verse is easy and melodious, a supple instrument that adapts itself equally well to sentiment and wit. The moral of the play is one which we can all agree with: liberty is better than slavery, life teaches more than books. "La Jeune Fille aux Jones Roses" is a charming *divertissement*, an ideal play for amateur theatricals. But we must not be asked to take it as anything more serious; it could not bear the strain.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## GENERAL WORKS.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

- \***St. Bride Foundation.** CATALOGUE OF THE TECHNICAL REFERENCE LIBRARY OF WORKS ON PRINTING AND THE ALLIED ARTS. St. Bride Foundation, 1919. 8½ in. 1016 pp. app. boards, 2/6. 016.655
- An admirably arranged catalogue, compiled by Mr. R. A. Peddie, of the valuable typographical library at the St. Bride Foundation. It comprises more than 30,000 books, inclusive of "nearly every known text-book in every language on printing, paper, engraving, process work, etc.," together with most works on the history of these subjects, as well as numerous trade catalogues and trade periodicals.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

- Aristotelian Society.** PROCEEDINGS, new series, vol. 19: containing the papers read before the Society during the fortieth session, 1918-19. Williams & Norgate, 1919. 9 in. 324 pp., 20/ n. 104
- The papers in this volume include, among others, "Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Philosopher," by F. B. Jevons; "Platonism and Immortality," by Dean Inge; and "Synthesis and Discovery in Knowledge," by John Laird. Mr. G. E. Moore's presidential address deals with "Some Judgments of Perception."

- Tertullian.** TERTULLIAN'S TREATISES CONCERNING PRAYER, CONCERNING BAPTISM. Translated by Alexander Souter, D.Litt. ("Translations of Christian Literature; series 2, Latin Texts"). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 75 pp. index, 3/ n. 189.2

Dr. Souter's versions of the "De Oratione" and "De Baptismo" of the eloquent and learned Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus successfully reproduce much of the incisiveness and vigorous rhetoric of the originals. Teachers and others will welcome these translations from the writings of the earliest Latin Father.

## 200 RELIGION.

- Kennedy (H. A. A.).** THE THEOLOGY OF THE EPISTLES ("Studies in Theology"). Duckworth, 1919. 7½ in. 279 pp. bibliog. index, 5/ n. 227
- One of a new series of aids to interpretation and Biblical criticism for students, the clergy, and laymen. Dr. Kennedy's book is divided into three parts, the first of which relates to Paulinism. The second part deals with phases of early Christian thought in the main independent of Paulinism. In the third part the author discusses the theology of the developing Church.

- \***Peake (Arthur S.), ed., and Grieve (A. J.).** A COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE. Jack, 1919. 9½ in. 1038 pp. maps, bibliogs. index, 10/ n. 220.7

The design of Professor Peake and Principal Grieve is simply and non-technically to set forth the generally accepted results of Biblical criticism, interpretation, history, and theology. Though intended primarily for laymen, the book should be useful to ministers of religion and theological students. The Commentary, which is based upon the text of the Revised Version, comprises, besides separate expositions of books of the Bible, a number of important contributions treating of special themes. The volume begins with articles on "The Bible: its Meaning and Aim" (Principal E. Griffith-Jones) and "The Bible as Literature" (Professor W. H. Hudson). The expositions of the Old Testament are

preceded by the editor's paper dealing with "The Development of Old Testament Literature," Professor C. L. Bedale's "The Nations contemporary with Israel," Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter's "Introduction to the Pentateuch," "The History of Israel" by Professor A. H. McNeile, and other articles. The Prophetic Books are introduced by three short papers, contributed by the editor, Principal G. C. Joyce, and Professor H. T. Andrews. Some of the articles preceding the expositions of the New Testament books are of notable interest. The late Professor J. H. Moulton's paper, "The Language of the New Testament," Dr. J. O. F. Murray's "The Canon of the New Testament" and "The Text and Textual Criticism of the New Testament," the late Professor H. Melvill Gwatkin's "Jewish History from the Maccabees to the Destruction of Jerusalem," Professor Haverfield's "The Roman Empire in the First Century," and Principal Grieve's dissertation upon "The Chronology of the New Testament," are among the more prominent of these papers. Good bibliographies, and an admirably comprehensive index, upon which a vast amount of labour has evidently been expended, complete the volume. Among the sixty-one contributors are Professor F. J. Foakes-Jackson, Canon B. H. Streeter, Principal W. T. Davison, the Rev. Dr. Oesterley, and Professor G. H. Box.

- Ward (William).** EVERY CHURCH A BROTHERHOOD. Hodder & Stoughton [1919]. 7½ in. 94 pp. apps. paper, 2/ n. 267

Sympathetic forewords are contributed by Lord Robert Cecil and Dr. Clifford to this narrative of the aims of the Brotherhood Movement, which, organized by the National Brotherhood Council of Great Britain and the Christian Brotherhood Federation of Canada, has done much to break down denominational barriers and to provide a common platform upon which Anglicans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, members of the Salvation Army, and others can unite in various kinds of beneficent activity. Such work is valuable and greatly needed at the present time.

- Wright (Leslie).** THE EUCHARISTIC OFFICE OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER ("Handbooks of Christian Literature"). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 140 pp., 3/6 n. 265.3

A short but informative treatise, the beginning of which relates to the parent Communion rite. Subsequent chapters deal with the separate sections of the Prayer Book Office. Chapter 5 treats of the Consecration Prayer. The two concluding chapters are concerned with the Communion and Oblation, and the latter portions of the service.

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

- Laughlin (J. Laurence).** CREDIT OF THE NATIONS: a study of the European war. P. S. King, 1919. 8½ in. 420 pp. apps. index, 12/6 n. 332.45

No attempt has been made in this work to deal with the credit operations of Russia, Austria-Hungary, or Italy, because it has been impossible to obtain sufficient data for their examination; but emphasis is laid on the affairs of Germany, whose amazing industrial growth in the last thirty years, and its causes, according to the author, show that Germany brought on the war, "not because she was hampered on the seas, or had no room for the growth of her population, but because her newly acquired economic strength warranted a militaristic attempt to dominate Europe and the world." A main purpose of the author has been to compare the ways by which the German, French, and American systems of credit have met the shocks of the war. Professor Laughlin believes that the events of the past five years are likely to bring about much re-examination of the principles regulating money and prices.

- Laughlin (J. Laurence).** MONEY AND PRICES. P. S. King, 1919. 8½ in. 326 pp. app. index, 10/6 n. 338.5

One of the most important of contemporary economic problems is that of the regulation of prices; and it occurred to the author that instead of making a "complex and theoretical exposition of prices and their causes," the forces regulating prices might clearly be interpreted by practical chapters from the history of prices since 1850, extending to the end of the late war. A simple statement of the principles involved is followed by chapters in which the author deals with such subjects as the increased cost of living, agricultural unrest, the European war and inflation, and changes in price since 1896.

**Walston (Waldstein) (Sir Charles).** THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING BROTHERHOOD AND LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8 in. 248 pp., 6/ n. 341.1

This volume contains "Nationality and Hyphenism," a lecture delivered at Cambridge in May, 1919; "The Expansion of Western Ideals and the World's Peace" and "The English-Speaking Brotherhood," respectively an essay written in 1899, and an address delivered in 1898 at the Imperial Institute; "The Next War: Wilsonism and Anti-Wilsonism," an essay published in the autumn of 1918; and "League of Dreams or League of Realities," reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* of February last.

#### 400 PHILOLOGY.

**\*Bayfield (Matthew Albert).** THE MEASURES OF THE POETS: a new system of English prosody. Cambridge, University Press, 1919. 8½ in. 121 pp. apps. index, 5/ n. 426

In a prolonged controversy with Dr. MacColl on the scansion of Shakespeare, the Rev. M. A. Bayfield recently dropped hints of a new method of appreciating the metrical art of the English poets. He has been applying his principles for the last forty-five years, but only three years ago accidentally discovered, "with great surprise . . . that works on English prosody still adopt a system which even at school filled us with despair, and which I believe to be incapable of reasoned defence." The system condemned is that based on the iambic, accommodated to actual variations of rhythms by Professor Saintsbury's principle of substitution. Mr. Bayfield says roundly: "This [the iambus] is not used as a metrical foot in English. The Greeks appear to have employed it occasionally, but only with the stress on the first syllable." He ascribes "the present hopeless condition" of English prosody to "this fundamental error, which was shared and handed down by Horace ('Ars Poet,' 251 ff.), and blindly accepted by the literary world at the Revival of Learning." According to his reading, the normal scheme of the heroic line is either "full"—

It : was the | owl that | shriek'd, the | fatal | bellman ||,  
or "checked"—

Me : thought I | heard a | voice cry | "Sleep no | more!" A.  
Thus in its normal form the line begins with an upbeat or anacrusis, and the feet, "the staple feet of the bulk of English verse," are really trochees. Mr. Bayfield expounds his theory with bold lucidity, and illustrates it with telling examples from every variety of English verse, ancient and modern, epic, dramatic, and lyric.

**\*Wells (John Edwin).** FIRST SUPPLEMENT TO A MANUAL OF THE WRITINGS IN MIDDLE ENGLISH, 1050-1400: additions and modifications to September, 1918. Newhaven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press, 1919. 9 in. pp. 947-1037, index, 4/6 n. 420.9

We have made continual use of Mr. Wells's excellent "Manual," published in 1916, and found it extraordinarily full, reliable, and easy of reference. It was part of his original purpose to add supplements from time to time. This, the first of these, carries on the work from September, 1915, to September, 1918, and incorporates a number of entries relating to unprinted copies verified from part I of Professor Carleton Brown's "Register of Middle English Religious and Didactic Verse." The next supplement will deal with recent German publications.

#### 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**Cole (Grenville A. J.).** IRELAND THE OUTPOST. Milford, 1919. 9 in. 78 pp. il. maps, paper, 3/6 n. 554.15  
A review will appear.

**Ghambashidze (D.).** MINERAL RESOURCES OF GEORGIA AND CAUCASIA: MANGANESE INDUSTRY OF GEORGIA. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 182 pp. il. map, 8/6 n. 553  
The country known since November 22, 1917, as the Independent Republic of Georgia is rich in raw materials, including bitumen, sulphur, salt, argentiferous lead ores, cement stone, cobalt, baryta, and iron pyrites. Petroleum, copper, and manganese are abundant, and have led to the establishment of extensive commercial undertakings. There is no indication of gold in Georgia. Although coal is almost absent, "white coal," or water-power, is widely available, and will be increasingly utilized. According to the author,

the development and organization of the numerous mineral springs, spas, and the like will provide a considerable source of revenue for Georgia, and also be profitable for foreign capital which may be invested in that manner.

**\*Theal (George McCall).** ETHNOGRAPHY AND CONDITION OF SOUTH AFRICA BEFORE A.D. 1505: being a description of the inhabitants of the country south of the Zambesi and Kunene rivers in A.D. 1505. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 9 in. 486 pp. il. index, 8/6 n. 572.968

A second edition of Dr. Theal's work in the present form, enlarged and improved.

**\*Witherby (H. F.), ed.** A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS, part 4. Witherby, 1919. 8½ in. 64 pp. il. paper, 4/ n. 598.2  
Titmice, shrikes, wagtails, tree-creepers, and wrens are mainly dealt with in the present instalment of this admirable handbook.

#### 780 MUSIC.

**\*Newman (Ernest).** A MUSICAL MOTLEY. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 326 pp., 7/6n. 780.4  
See review, p. 1010.

#### 800 LITERATURE.

**Campbell (David).** FROM THE HILL-TOPS. Dent, 1919. 8 in. 199 pp., 4/6 n. 824.9

A collection of six papers embodying much wisdom, put into the mouth of an eloquent Highlander, Duncan the Forester, to whom "the Unknown is as clear as day." He stands for "Knowledge with Obedience, not Obedience without Knowledge." The book was written during an early stage of the recent war. It has words "for those who suffer as well as stumble, those who have lost their great-hearted sons, lovers, and friends, and look across the waters and through their tears at unknown graves and graves with the little white crosses."

**Euripides.** THE WOMEN OF TROY: a lyric drama by Euripides (B.C. 415). Translated by F. A. Evelyn-Heath Cranton [1919]. 8 in. 80 pp., 3/ n. 882.3

In this version of the "Troades," dedicated to "all women who are bearing and relieving the sorrows of war," the translator employs rhyme freely. It is a conscientious piece of work; but it suffers somewhat by juxtaposition with Mr. Trevelyan's version of the "Ajax" noticed on the next page for it lacks his austerity of style.

**\*Johnson (Lionel Pigot).** SOME WINCHESTER LETTERS OF LIONEL JOHNSON. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 213 pp., 7/6 n. 826.9

Lionel Johnson wrote these letters to a theosophical friend and others while a schoolboy at Winchester between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. They form an account, not only of his intellectual growth, but also of his deeply interesting spiritual struggles towards a theology all his own. Keats's "Endymion" and Shelley's "Alastor" were less precocious than the young Lionel's insight into the mental conflicts of his period, his penetrating judgment of esoteric Buddhism, and his sense of literary values. Immaturity is visible chiefly in the strength of his enthusiasms and the poignancy of his self-questioning. The literary style, unstudied as it is, promises the accomplishment of a master.

**\*Milne (Alan Alexander).** FIRST PLAYS. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 8 in. 234 pp., 6/ n. 822.9

"Not the work of a professional writer, but the recreation of a (temporary) professional soldier," is how Mr. Milne describes these five comedies—"Wurzel-Flummery," "The Lucky One," "The Boy Comes Home," "Belinda," and "The Three Feathers." He wrote them during 1916-17, and three of them have been produced, including one of the two best, "Belinda," but not "The Lucky One," which he correctly judges the best of the five. Miss Irene Vanbrugh made a living thing of Belinda's charming silliness in spite of the impudent improbability and light-hearted inconsequence of the play. In the other comedy grave issues are involved, and are worked out with firm grasp of character; and, if the moral truth revealed is not a new discovery, it is revealed with the opportune touch of paradox that makes truth more convincing. The lightness and irresponsible gaiety of Mr. Milne's dialogue are equalled by his wit.



**\*Porché (François).** LA JEUNE FILLE AUX JOUES ROSES. Paris, Emile Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 257 pp., 4fr. 55. 842.9  
See notice, p. 1015.

**\*Procopius.** With an English translation by H. B. Dewing. In 6 vols. Vol. 3, HISTORY OF THE WARS, Books 5 and 6 ("Loeb Classical Library," no. 107). Heinemann, 1919. 7 in. 452 pp. map, index, 7/6 n. 878.9  
See review p. 998.

**\*Sophocles.** THE AJAX OF SOPHOCLES. Translated by R. C. Trevelyan. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 58 pp. boards, cloth 3/6 n., paper 2/ n. 882.2

The author states in a note to this severe and workmanlike version of the "Ajax" that his aim in translating the choruses has been "to reproduce as closely as possible the metrical pattern and phrasing of the original in such a way that one musical setting would fit both the Greek and the English words."

#### POETRY.

**Lucretius [Lucretius Carus (Titus)].** LUCRETIIUS ON THE NATURE OF THINGS. Translated from the Latin into English verse by Sir Robert Allison. With introduction, appendices, and notes. Humphreys, 1919. 8½ in. 307 pp. introd. apps. boards, 7/6 n. 871.1

This verse translation follows Munro pretty closely.

**Shorter (L. A. Hurst).** AMARANTH AND GOLD. Humphreys, 1919. 8 in. 93 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

Mr. Shorter versifies with grace and ease. He can turn a Spenserian after Keats—or Thomson—and frisk in "ottava rima" with Byron. He catches a little of their manner and a very little of their spirit. Several of his trifles are charming; but in the more pretentious pieces there seems to be a large expenditure of good workmanship on thin and hackneyed meanings.

**Still (John).** POEMS IN CAPTIVITY. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 318 pp., 7/6 n. 821.9

Formerly a resident in Ceylon, the author returned to England, obtained a commission, and was made prisoner by the Turks in Gallipoli. During the three years of his captivity he discovered that he had a real aptitude for writing poetry, and this extensive collection is the result. Besides a long series of "Prison Verses" recording physical and mental experiences of his life in Constantinople, Angora, and Afion Kara Hissar, he paints scenes of tropical life in "Woodcraft and Forest Lore," tells three long "Tales from the Mahawansa," and adds "Various Songs and Sketches." Mr. Still's work is undeniably interesting, and his chosen vehicle seems to be the right one.

#### FICTION.

**Aldrich (Darragh).** ENCHANTED HEARTS. Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 250 pp., 7/ n. 813.5

The publishers are justified in praising this story, for it is pleasant in itself and very well written. Katherine Woods, the heroine, living in a New York boarding-house, endeavours to maintain herself by writing stories, but meets with many rebuffs. Fortune, however, befriends her in the shape of a little girl who imagines herself a fairy godmother, and puts her idea into practice.

**Caven (Stewart).** A PAIR OF IDOLS. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 238 pp., 7/ n.

A young Irish girl, through the break-down of her motor-car, makes the acquaintance of two Americans touring in Ireland. Overhearing that they are fond of antiquities, she persuades her chaffeur to aid her in abstracting an idol from a neighbour's collection, and burying it where it is likely to be discovered. So far her plan succeeds; but to her dismay she learns that her idol is one of a pair, and she endeavours to cover up her tracks. The disputes between rival archæologists are amusingly described, and a love-interest is interwoven.

**Farrer (J. A.).** THE CANDIDATE'S PROGRESS. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 248 pp., 7/6 n.

"He who hesitates is lost." Mr. Woodhead, the hero of this story, hesitates upon the receipt of an invitation to stand for Parliament, but his sister's query, "What's the good of being alive unless you go into Parliament?" is the hair which turns the scale. The reader is taken with Woodhead

along the successive stages of a rocky and difficult road to the Election Day and to an anti climax in the shape of a Petition which results in the unseating of the new member. The ducal dinner, the political picnic, the "nursing" of the county, and the oratory of the candidate and others, are cleverly described. The speech of the "Secretary of War" is one of the best things in a book which is full of shrewd satirical hits at our methods of conducting Parliamentary contests.

**Field Ambulance Sketches.** By a Corporal ("On Active Service" Series). Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 157 pp., 5/ n.

Seven vivid pen-pictures by a man who is keenly observant, and possesses the gift of bringing vigorously before the mind's eye some of the horrors of war.

**Holdsworth (Ethel).** THE TAMING OF NAN. Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 319 pp., 6/ n.

This is the old story of the reclaiming of a virago, retold with considerable power. Nan is the wife of a North-Country railway porter, who is a decent fellow and has endured much from the woman. Sometimes in self-defence he is goaded into striking her, but only for a little while is she quieted. The porter is run over by a train, and loses both feet. Even this does not tame the shrew. At length she "finds religion" and begins to soften. Nan's change of heart is completed by the all but loss of her daughter Polly. Thus peace is brought about. Miss Holdsworth vigorously depicts the two protagonists, and the background is peopled by the cleverly differentiated figures of their relatives and friends.

**Hume (Fergus).** THE MASTER-MIND. Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 8 in. 286 pp., 6/9 n.

There are too many confessions and gratuitous betrayals in the solution of this latest detective problem, by the architect of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," for the penetrating K.C. or the ingenious author to win full admiration; but the reader's curiosity is well sustained. In the humour and tone of his dialogue and in his character-drawing Mr. Hume is satisfied to keep at a low level.

**Margueritte (Paul).** AMANTES ("La Novela Literaria"). Valencia, Prometeo Sociedad Editorial, Germanías, 33 [1919]. 7½ in. 317 pp. por. paper, 3 pesetas. 843.9

A translation, by Señor Enrique A. Leyra, of Paul Margueritte's pathetic study of hopeless love and inexorable fate, to which Señor Blasco Ibáñez has contributed an analytical foreword of considerable interest. The distinguished author, who was one of the sons of the Sedan hero, General J. A. Margueritte, long worked in literary collaboration with his younger brother Victor, and died so recently as December 31, 1918.

**Motta (Luigi).** THE PRINCESS OF THE ROSES. Translated from the Italian by William Collinge. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp. il., 7/ n. 853.9

Marvellous scientific discoveries; a rising of the East against the West; aerial fighting on a titanic scale between the warring races; the invasion and destruction of the great European capitals; the approach of a meteor, which upsets all the calculations of the belligerents; murder and espionage—these are some of the elements in Signor Motta's romance which make the reader hold his breath, and wonder at the imagination of the author.

**Nepean (Edith).** WELSH LOVE. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/ n.

A story with a background of Cambrian hills. The leading characters are Olwen Morris, the daughter of an impoverished and dissolute baronet, and Dewi Llewelyn, a quarryman, who loves Olwen. The girl's father, however, wishes her to marry the rich, but repulsive Shad Pritchard. She escapes this fate, but at a heavy cost. Affairs are straightened for the heroine, and how this comes about the reader will like to discover for himself.

**Newton (W. Douglas).** GREEN LADIES. Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

The supposed narrator of this story rents a house in Hampshire from the heroine, a beautiful lady whose temperament is in accord with his own. The two fall in love, but their happiness is barred by an obstacle. The tale is readable, but not particularly stirring.

\***Sabatini (Rafael).** THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT: Second Series. Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 295 pp., 7/6 n.

As in the first series, published in 1917, Mr. Sabatini takes a number of episodes from history or tradition, and reconstructs each story in full detail and with plenty of imaginative colour, offering as plausible a version as he can, but not scrupling to give a speculative solution to an historical mystery. There are eleven capital stories, including those of Afonso Henriques, first King of Portugal, Boris Godunov, the False Sebastian, Amy Robsart, Buckingham and Anne of Austria, and Charlotte Corday.

\***Stacpoole (H. de Vere).** THE BEACH OF DREAMS: a story of the true world. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 316 pp., 6/9 n.

The beach is that of Desolation Island, or Kerguelen's Land, whereon the heroine, the beautiful and wealthy Cléo de Bronsart, together with two very unpleasant men, is cast by the foundering of a vessel. The heroine does not emulate the exploit of St. Maël with the birds on "L'Île des Pingouins," by proposing that the huge elephant-seals of Kerguelen should become pillars of the Christian Church; but she makes great friends with them, and derives solace from their presence, after the deaths of the men have left her quite without human society. Cléo nearly dies, but is saved by a shipwrecked sailor. The story is a picturesque and captivating romance of adventure, in which the author's special gifts are happily displayed.

**Swann (Duncan).** A VILLA IN THE SOUTH. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

A light and facile narrative, amusing and pleasant to read, of the experiences on the Riviera of a well-to-do, highly conventional, middle-aged gentleman, with literary leanings, an irrepressible daughter, and an *affaire du cœur* with a fascinating widow from whom in vain he has tried to escape—only to be hypnotized for a while by the charms of an equally attractive foreign lady with mysterious antecedents. The sultry South at length brings the sedate hero to the point of proposing to his old flame. There is no dearth of excitement or of entertaining complications.

**Williamson (Charles Norris and Alice Muriel).** THE MINX GOES TO THE FRONT. Mills & Boon [1919]. 8 in. 291 pp., 6/ n.

Four stories of adventure during the great war are bound up under one title to look like a novel. Most of the scenes are in the fighting line or the hospitals of France and Belgium. Deeds of heroism, daredevil captures, and marvellous escapes are recounted in a vivid fashion that almost conceals their impossibility, and ensures a pleasant hour to lovers of sensation.

#### 910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

\***Beaver (Wilfred N.).** UNEXPLORED NEW GUINEA: a record of the travels, adventures, and experiences of a Resident Magistrate amongst the head-hunting savages and cannibals of the unexplored interior of New Guinea. Seeley, Service & Co., 1920. 9 in. 320 pp. il. maps, index, 25/ n. 919.5

Even at the present time an immense area of Papua is very little known, and Mr. Beaver's account of the country and its natives will be read with enjoyment and profit. The author, who was killed in September, 1917, during the fighting at Polygon Wood, had a leading share in opening up the Western Division of Papua, took a keen interest in ethnology, and was a very successful Resident Magistrate, his duties affording him exceptional opportunities of studying the various races. Mr. Beaver's descriptions of the customs of the Goaribari, Bamu, and other tribes are remarkably interesting; and Dr. Gunnar Landtmann has added a noteworthy chapter upon the religious beliefs and practices of the Kiwai-speaking natives. In relation to the cannibalist propensities of the Papuans, Mr. Beaver remarks that there are one or two known cases where a strong tribe has been gradually eating up a smaller one. "The Ukiaravi people in the Purari Delta used literally to regard the Morohai as a kind of larder from which supplies of fresh meat could be obtained, together with a little excitement in the way of hunting their victims down." It is remarked on p. 296 that "Civilization is rather strong meat if given too freely and in

too large doses, and one of its effects has been a decimation of the native race. . . . Abortion . . . and infanticide have been checked. But it is undoubted that civilization has introduced many diseases into the country, measles, whooping cough, and probably venereal, to mention only a few."

\***Brown (R. N. Rudmose).** SPITSBERGEN: an account of exploration, hunting, the mineral riches and future potentialities of an Arctic archipelago. Seeley, Service & Co., 1920. 9 in. 320 pp. il. maps, index, 25/ n. 919.8  
A review will appear.

\***Stuck (Hudson).** VOYAGES ON THE YUKON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES: a narrative of summer travel in the interior of Alaska. Werner Laurie [1919]. 9 in. 415 pp. il. maps, index, 25/ n. 917.98

In the first part of this interesting survey of the interior of Alaska under summer conditions, Dr. Hudson Stuck takes the reader down the Yukon from its source to its mouth, and in the second part gives descriptions of launch journeys on the Alaskan tributaries to the Yukon. The varied and impressive scenery of these great rivers; the Klondike district; the geology and archæology of Alaska, and the life and customs of the natives of the country are described by the author of this noteworthy book, the illustrations of which are admirable.

#### 920 BIOGRAPHY.

**Leslie (Shane).** THE END OF A CHAPTER ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 200 pp. index, 2/ n. 920

**Nevill (Ralph).** ECHOES OLD AND NEW. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 9 in. 316 pp. il., 12/6 n. 920  
A review will appear.

Tennant (Edward Wyndham).

**Glenconner (Pamela, Lady).** EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT: a memoir, by his mother. Lane, 1919. 9 in. 345 pp. front. pors. apps. index, 21/ n. 920

All children's sayings are delightful and amusing, but the repetition of them by admiring grown-ups is apt to be extremely tedious. Lady Glenconner has a happy knack of preserving the freshness and charm of such anecdotes unspoiled, even in cold print. She gives us a very pleasant picture of Edward Wyndham Tennant's childhood; later on he paints his own portrait in letters and poems. His poems published in "Worple Flit" and elsewhere are well known.

#### 930-990 HISTORY.

**Bruton (F. A.).** THE STORY OF PETERLOO: written for the Centenary, Aug. 16, 1919 ("Pre-print of article to appear in the 'Bulletin of the John Rylands Library'"). Manchester, University Press, 1919. 10½ in. 49 pp. pors. plan, il. paper. 942.074

This topographical and historical study of the "Peterloo Massacre" is of particular interest in the present state of "Labour unrest." A portrait of Orator Hunt, a contemporary view of the "Massacre," and a plan of the site are among the illustrations.

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